Lonely? Join Rosemary Lee's Helping Hearts Club

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

No. 831 Sept. 17, 1929

THE GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE—The MADONNA of AVENUE A

LIGHT FINGERS—Biography of WILLAM HAINES

FUN from the FLICKERS

10¢

Marie Prevost

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

ETHEL ROSEMON
Editor

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Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O' Mine:

Honestly, my gang, it's too hot even to preach you a sermon today. But do remember, folks, to address your letters—in LEAD PENCIL—across the back flap with the pen names of the pals for whom they are intended. And don't forget to stamp your envelopes, and remember to—What's that? Oh, yes, I promised the little old keys an ice cream cone and they refuse to raise another letter until this promise is kept. So, so long, folks. If you have an extra breeze in your pocket, please send it Special Delivery to your

Rosemary Lee

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Such an interesting club, I have now found! Why should anyone be lonesome? Yet just oodles of us are.

Now may I ask just one more favor of you? Please enter my name in your club. I am a very lonesome little girl and am just starving for pen pals of both sexes from anywhere. Don't let me perish!

Thanking you both now and forevermore,

Loudie of North Carolina.

We wouldn't think of letting you perish, would we, pals?

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I hope you will allow me to become one of your happy family and that you'll find me a lot of pals.

You see, I'm lonesome and often rather blue. My folks are dead. Daddy died when I was small, then, one year later, through the mistake of a doctor, I lost the sight of one eye and the other wasn't much better. Of course I couldn't go to school, but I had my mother to help me, but in a few years my mother was taken, too, and that left my grandmother and me alone. Then just one year ago, grandma died, too, and now I am all alone again. I haven't any sisters or brothers so I'm lonesome and I thought there might be some one somewhere who would be a pal and make-believe sister to me. I would like some one to understand and love me. Sometimes it's hard to smile but I have done it, and I'm going to keep "Smilin' Thru" and soon I hope the skies will be blue again.

Baby of St. Louis.

You poor dear child! What a share of sorrow has been crowded into your brief years! But keep that smile. The coming days are bound to be brighter and you will have the advantage of being able to appreciate happiness when it comes.

(Continued on page 28)

The entrance of Towers brought Kerrigan's questioning of Light Fingers to an end.

Excitement was the breath of life to

Light Fingers

until another, softer emtoion came to take its place

By ETHEL ROSEMON

LIGHT FINGERS opened the door of his bachelor apartment and switched on the light with the air of a man who had spent an entirely satisfactory evening. With a gay song on his lips, he sauntered over to the decanter and poured out two glasses of liquor, then, turning suddenly, he addressed the man who at his entrance had slipped behind the portieres, but not before Light Fingers's keen eyes had taken in the fact that the drawer of his desk had been disturbed in his absence and a mirror had revealed the presence of the uninvited guest.

"Sorry, Kerrigan, if I kept you waiting," he smiled.

"That's all right, Light Fingers," the detective returned, coming out from the shadows. "I don't think my time's been wasted."

"I'm delighted to hear it," Light Fingers told him genially. "Did you make yourself at home?" he inquired with a meaning glance at the desk drawer from which a paper still protruded.

"Yes, I did," Kerrigan admitted, "and I got some bad news for you."

Light Fingers's eyebrows went up in mock concern.

"Oh, don't tell me the chief is ill!" he exclaimed solicitously.

But the detective was in no mood for light banter.

"I was at Mrs. Norton's home tonight, ten minutes after her famous emerald was stolen," he announced. "From all the earmarks the job was done by you."

"By me? Don't be ridiculous!"

To anyone but Kerrigan, Light Fingers's retort would have been convincing. But this clever head of the jewel thieves was the detective's favorite subject and he knew the meaning of his every move, of every tone of his voice—at least he thought he did.

"I've had my eyes on you for some time, Light Fingers,"

This is an adaptation of Columbia Pictures' screen presentation of the story by the same name. Harry Cohn produced the picture, Jack Natteford wrote the scenario and Joseph Henabery directed, with Ian Keith appearing as Light Fingers, Dorothy Revier as Dorothy Clark, Carrol Nye as Donald Clark, Ralph Theodore as Kerrigan, Tom Ricketts as Edward Madison, Charles Gerrard as London Towers and Pietro Soso as the butler.

he told him. "I know your habits, your tastes, what you wear."

"If you tell anyone about my long underwear, I'll never speak to you again," the young man grinned.

"Cut out the wise cracks," Kerrigan grunted. "Did you ever see this vest button before?" He held up a small piece of smoked pearl, fully expecting that Light Fingers would deny ownership. But it was one of the latter's rules of life never to do or say the expected.

"I've been wondering where I lost that," he smiled.

"Where do you suppose I found it?" Kerrigan questioned.

"Not in Mrs. Kerrigan's boudoir!" This time the eyebrows went up in shocked surprise.

"No, not in Mrs. Kerrigan's boudoir," the detective growled. "I found it at the Nortons'. Wait a minute! Open that coat!"

With a smile of confident unconcern, Light Fingers did as commanded, revealing a vest, complete in every detail.

"Gracious, you don't think I go around with my vest buttons missing, do you?" His good taste was obviously shocked.

"Just because you were wise enough to get another set of buttons—"

"You haven't a chance in the world of ever proving that I took that emerald," Light Fingers interrupted. "The fact is I was at the opera this evening. Did you ever hear Galli-Curci in 'Traviata'? She was absolutely at her best." Striking a hero-like attitude, he began to hum a famous aria from the opera.

"Wait a minute! I didn't come here to be entertained; I am here on business," Kerrgian stopped him. "So you went to the opera?"

"Well," Light Fingers began slowly, "it is customary to have what you police call—" He hesitated for the word.

"An alibi," Kerrigan flung at him.

"Oh, yes, an alibi," Light Fingers repeated gratefully. "I must remember that word."

"Take off that coat!" the detective ordered. "Now turn around, put 'em up and keep 'em up!"

His skilled fingers passed quickly over Light Fingers's back.

"How about the pockets?" the young man suggested helpfully.

"I know where you wouldn't carry the emerald," the detective told him.

"My dear chap, I wouldn't carry the emerald at all," the other assured him.

At this juncture they were interrupted by the entrance of a dapper figure in evening clothes whose English accent was apparent even before he began to speak.

"Hello, Kerrigan, old top!" he greeted. "What's the idea of having me hauled down to the police station and grilled for half an hour?"

"I had some important business with your friend here and I didn't want you in the way," the detective retorted.

He turned to go, fully cognizant of the fact that there was nothing more to be learned—at present.

"I hope you realize you've made a terrible mistake," Light Fingers said feelingly.

"Mistake, my eye!" Kerrigan growled.

"I accept the apology," Light Fingers smiled. "Pop in again some time."

"You think you've put something over," Kerrigan said, his sharp eyes fixed on the young man's face. "Well, all right, there are boys who've done that before, and now they are on the inside looking out."

"Light Fingers's eyes expressed concern, then a smile almost fatherly in its benignance spread over his face.

"The trouble with you is, Kerrigan, you take life too seriously," he told him. "Have a drink."

He proffered him one of the glasses he had filled upon entering the room.

"I never drink," the detective retorted, "and you know it." His hand rested on the door knob. "I'll pop in again some time," was his parting shot.

"Is that a promise?" Light Fingers smiled hospitably.

"I thought he had you." Towers heaved a sigh of relief as the door closed on the detective.

Without a word Light Fingers held out the glass he had offered to the detective. Towers raised it to his lips, then his eyes opened wide in amazement as from the bottom he extracted the Norton jewel.

"Clever, very clever!" he ejaculated with the accent that had earned for him the nickname "London Towers". "But what if he had taken the drink when you offered it to him?"

"He is a prohibitionist," Light Fingers reminded him.

"What a marvelous emerald!" Towers admired, holding up the pendant with the appreciative scrutiny of a connoisseur.

"But you'll see better ones than that," his friend promised. "Let me show you something." He turned to the drawer of his desk, the one that had so obviously been disturbed in his absence, and drew forth a sheaf of papers. "You know the Madison collection of jewels?" he questioned.

"Of course, I don't know them intimately," Towers returned, "but I'm game for an introduction."

"Meet these and these and these." His friend laid the papers before him. "They're all from the Madison collection, lying there just imploring us to come and get them."

"Say, it would be a shame to disappoint them," Towers returned with feeling.

"Patience, little one," Light Fingers admonished. "This is the Madison home at Fairport." He held up a photograph of a rambling country estate. "I want you to get your boys together. I have a plan very carefully thought out. It's as simple as A B C."

THE next day found London Towers phoning the Madison home in his recently acquired rôle of editor of the *Fine Arts Magazine*. His publication, he announced, was preparing a series of articles on famous jewel collections in the country and the series, of course, would be incomplete without an issue devoted to the Madison gems. That the man at the other end of the wire was extremely flattered was apparent by the cordiality with which he arranged to meet the magazine's star writer, Mr. Carado.

But the cordiality in the old man's tone did not linger as he hung up the receiver to confront his nephew, Donald Clark, who with his sister, Dorothy, orphaned children of his brother, had long made their home with the millionaire. Donald was in financial trouble again. He needed money for one of the investments that were

always going to make a fortune for him—and never did. The old man hated to refuse him but he realized that rigid measures were necessary to break the gambling spirit that seemed to be in his blood. These interviews were always unpleasant and this one was particularly so. The old man, therefore, welcomed the butler's announcement that Mr. Kerrigan of the detective bureau was there to see him as a conclusion to the boy's pleading for just one more chance to make good. Dorothy and Don started to leave the room at Kerrigan's entrance, but the detective held up a detaining hand with the announcement that he would greatly prefer them to hear what he had to say.

"Mr. Madison," he came directly to the point, "unless I am mistaken, a gang of very clever international crooks has made plans to rob your collection. Last night I investigated the apartment of Light Fingers and there I found evidence in clippings, photographs, etc., that your collection is next on the gang's list."

"My collection is in the safe and the house is completely burglar proof," Mr. Madison informed him. "I can't think of any further precaution I can take."

"Anyway, 'Forewarned is forearmed', as they say," Kerrigan announced, "and we are watching every move the crowd is making."

Mr. Madison had retired to his own room when, a half hour later, Mr. Carado of the *Fine Arts Magazine* was announced. Light Fingers, alias Carado, immaculate in white flannels, was at peace with the world. The alibi he had established before leaving the apartment was, he considered, perfect. Towers and the boys had gone to the Catskills on a fishing trip. In the hearing of the apartment house telephone operator, who, Light Fingers knew, was in close touch with Kerrigan at headquarters, they had promised to phone him at his rooms at 10 o'clock

"Donald, I've been afraid of this."

Dorothy Clark, Mr. Madison's orphan niece, was a lovely golden girl who made the millionaire's home one of the most popular places on the visiting list of the younger set.

that evening. Light Fingers had then stolen downstairs instead of using the elevator just as the operator was phoning to the detective that the gang had left for the Catskills but that Light Fingers was remaining in the city. He was sure because Towers was to phone him there at ten. No wonder a satisfied smile still curled his lips as he turnd to greet Dorothy Clark who received him in Mr. Madison's absence.

"My uncle will be here presently," she announced as she bade the visitor make himself at home.

"I hope he won't hurry on my account." His eyes were taking in the girl's golden beauty with frank admiration. Dorothy flushed with pleasure, for this magazine writer was a figure to intrigue the fancy of even a beautiful young heiress.

"Do you know it is strange," she hastened to cover up her embarrassment, "but I never remember having read any of your stories about jewels?"

An amused smile lighted the eyes of the visitor.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Clark, some of my best jewelry stories have never been published." He rose and sauntered to the window that looked out on the beautiful Madison gardens. "What lovely roses!" he exclaimed, indicating the yellow blossoms that grew close

to the house. Then a contrivance that was by no means new to the head of the jewel gang caught his eye and he flung back the casement as if to touch one of the flowers. As he did so, a loud bell sounded through the house with alarming persistancy.

"What's that?" he exclaimed in well-feigned surprise, turning to the girl who was watching him from her seat at her uncle's desk.

"That's just a burglar alarm," she laughed. "It is generally disconnected during the day."

"Of course, how stupid of me!" he apologized "With all the beautiful jewels around you must take every precaution."

At that moment Mr. Madison hurried into the room.

"What's the matter?" he inquired anxiously. "Who turned on the burglar alarm?"

"Mr. Carado happened to open the window," his niece explained as she hastily left the room to turn off the alarm that was still resounding through the house. Mr. Madison went directly to the safe and began to work the combination, while Light Fingers took his place at the desk, seeming to scribble idly on a pad he held in his hand, but really making notes of the turns of the knob that guarded the Madison jewels.

"It is a pleasure to meet some one who appreciates the value of fine gems," his host smiled as he returned with the jewel case.

"I am somewhat of a collector myself—in my own modest way," the visitor explained.

"Then I am sure you are going to be interested," Mr. Madison assured him.

"I know I am," the other agreed, his eyes opening wide in appreciation of the rare stones that were revealed against the satin cushions. "You are indeed to be envied, Mr. Madison," he said, with a rapid mental valuation of the sparkling gems.

Then, for the first time during the interview, a shadow crossed the millionaire's face.

"Sometimes they cause me more anxiety than pleasure," he remarked. "Only yesterday I was warned against a very clever gang of thieves."

"I am surprised," Light Fingers put in with a genuine show of concern.

"I have taken every precaution," Mr. Madison went on," and, besides, the police have their eyes on them."

Then proudly the old man held up each piece, pointing out the fine details in workmanship, the flawlessness of the stones, and in this one listener he had a most attentive audience.

"It's marvelous!" Light Fingers commented after he had duly admired each treasure. "I have always dreamed of having a collection like this."

"Well, my boy," the millionaire smiled," some day your dream will come true."

"I hope it won't be long," the young man returned with an anticipatory light in his eyes.

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dorothy who warned her uncle that it was time to dress for dinner.

"We've invited a few folks over and we'd like you to remain," Mr. Madison explained, quite taken with his visitor's personality as well as his keen appreciation of his favorite hobby. "Perhaps later in the evening we can steal a little time to look over the collection again."

"I'll be delighted," Light Fingers accepted, his eyes resting on Dorothy's face. "I'll go over to the Inn to dress. I won't be long."

THE boys were enthusiastic over their chief's report. Not only had he won the complete confidence of the Madison family and learned the layout of the house but he had discovered the combination to the safe as well as the location of the room in which the burglar alarm was connected. Now everything would be plain sailing.

That evening Mr. Madison treated him as an honored guest. And that the lovely young hostess was interested in this handsome new acquaintance was apparent to everyone. However, Light Fingers, whose profession had made him quick to detect changing moods, realized that something was worrying his companion. Her eyes kept constantly wandering around the room as if in search of some one. Could it be that she feared for the safety of her uncle's collection? He half wished—Before the wish was formulated, Mr. Madison approached them.

"Have you seen Donald?" Dorothy asked anxiously.

That was it, Light Fingers decided. Perhaps the boy was given to drinking and the sister had to watch him.

"He was here a moment ago," her uncle told her.

"Never mind, dear," she reassured him. "It isn't anything important." But she immediately excused herself and hastened up the stairs that led to her uncle's library.

This was Light Fingers's opportunity to saunter off to the room where he had learned that afternoon the burglar alarm was connected. It was a matter of only an instant to pull out the fuse, thus rendering the alarm harmless. When he sauntered back through the hall a few minutes later, he was the picture of innocence. He was arrested at the door of Mr. Madison's study by Dorothy's anxious voice.

"Donald, I've been afraid of this," she was saying.

"But what am I going to do?" The boy made no attempt to hide his irritability. "I must get some money." His hand was still on the knob of the safe where he had evidently been surprised by his sister's entrance and the girl was facing him with flashing eyes.

"If I were you, I would rather lose every cent in the world than become a—thief." Donald cringed at the tone in which the word was uttered as much as at the word itself.

"I wasn't stealing," he retorted, now thoroughly aroused. "I just want enough to see my investment through—and, in the future, you mind your own business." The boy's face was deathly white and his hands were clenched at his side. Light Fingers thought it was time he interfered.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stepping into the room. "I thought I heard some one call."

This was the final straw that unleashed the boy's pent-up temper. He turned on the newcomer, his eyes flashing threateningly.

"What do you mean by snooping around here?" he demanded.

Before his sister could interfere, his fist shot out with the sure aim of the trained athlete and sent Light Fingers, taken unawares, sprawling down the stairs. Screams came from the women guests who were assembled in the music room below and Mr. Madison hurried over to Light Fingers with alarmed concern.

"What's going on here?" he inquired anxiously. "Are you hurt very badly?"

Some of the guests crowded around and assisted him to his feet, removing his coat, that had become dusty as he bumped down the stairs.

Then, with the customary confident smile, he assured his host:

"It's all right. I certainly did see stars for a minute. But it's really nothing at all."

"How did it happen?" Mr. Madison asked.

"You see I was coming down stairs and turned my ankle and fell," the young man explained.

Dorothy's eyes met his and there was gratitude in their depths.

"Is your ankle all right now?" she inquired sympathetically.

"Yes, it's all right," he returned lightly.

"Let me get your coat," she suggested, going over to the settee on which it had been flung and brushing the garment with her handkerchief. As she did so, something fell from the pocket and struck against the hard floor. With a quick gesture she bent over and retrieved it before any of the guests had noticed it. At that moment Donald, contrite and shamefaced, hurried forward.

"That was mighty decent of you, Carado," he said in an undertone. "I wouldn't have blamed you if you had told them everything."

A puzzled frown contracted Light Fingers's brow.

"Why, I don't know what you're talking about," he returned, looking the boy directly in the eye.

"Well, just the same—thank you," Donald repeated gratefully.

"And I want to thank you, too," Dorothy whispered. "If Uncle Ed knew—"

The men were at the ferry house, still ignorant of the fact that the last boat had left at midnight.

"I don't believe you. Perhaps the police will."

"Please"—Light Fingers held up a restraining hand—"I don't know what you're talking about."

The girl opened her hand and disclosed the fuse Light Fingers had taken from the burglar alarm, and there was disappointment, disillusionment in the gaze she raised to his.

"I'm going to give you the same chance you gave Donald," she said quietly.

Light Fingers's face didn't change as he returned her gaze with a puzzled:

"Why, what do you mean?"

"This just dropped from your coat pocket," she told him. "You disconnected the burglar alarm. Shall I put it back where it belongs—or do you want to?"

But Light Fingers still persisted:

"I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do, Mr. Light Fingers," she said.

The young man was silent for a moment, then he said quietly:

"You put it back."

He turned to go, but Dorothy laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Wait, I want to talk to you," she told him. "Sit down. Don't you wonder why I am letting you go?"

There was no longer need for pretense so he admitted:

"Yes, I do wonder. Why?"

"In return for my letting you go, I want you to promise me that you won't rob my uncle."

His eyes rested upon her face thoughtfully for a moment, then he said:

"But you know promises are very easily broken."

The gaze she fixed on his face was frankly puzzled.

"I wonder why a man of your apparent breeding and intelligence—" she began, but he interrupted:

"I have no particular excuse to offer. I suppose I'm not a very useful citizen, but life has never meant anything to me but excitement. And, anyway, what do you really know about me?"

"I know you aren't as bad as you think you are," she told him confidently. "Will you promise?"

"If I promise, will you believe me? Do you really think you can trust me?"

He, himself, wondered why her answer seemed so important—the most important thing in the world to him.

"I know I can trust you." There was no shadow of doubt in the eyes she raised to his.

"Thank you," he said earnestly. "I give you my word."

WHEN Light Fingers returned to the Inn a little later, he found the "boys" whiling away the time in a poker game. They looked up eagerly at his entrance.

"Everything set?" Towers inquired.

"It's all off, London," was the amazing answer. "I'm not going through with this job or with any other."

The group gathered around the table could not believe their ears.

"Better take some aspirin and have a good night's sleep," Towers advised. "You'll be yourself in the morning."

Light Fingers shook his head.

"I think we'd better clear out of here tonight," he announced. "I'll change my things and meet you in half an hour."

There was silence in the room for a moment after he had closed the door, then one of the men asked:

"Well, what about the job?"

"It's off," Towers announced gloomily, his mind vividly imaging that marvelous collection that was just within their reach.

"Off?" the other man grunted. "Well, what are we going to do?"

Towers regarded him speculatively. They had the plans of the house, the combination of the safe—no job they had ever "pulled" had been more carefully thought out. Why, there were enough gems there to make every one of them independent for life.

"Anyway, why should we give it up just because Light Fingers has gone crazy?" he voiced the question that was in the mind of each. "We'll do it ourselves. Are you on?"

They were—to a man. When Light Fingers returned to their room less than a half hour later, he found them gone, every trace of their recent occupancy removed. He knew at once what had happened, though he had never suspected they would go against his wishes, so ready had they always been to follow his slightest direction. He rushed to the phone. He might yet be in time to warn the Madison household. But the gang was already there. He knew—for the wires were cut. Still there might just be a chance. With lightning speed he rushed from the Inn and jumped into his roadster.

DOROTHY CLARK had been awakened from a fitful slumber in her room near her uncle's study by a sense that all was not well. Hastily donning a dressing gown, she stole down the hall and switched on the lights—to reveal Light Fingers standing before the empty safe. She covered him with the revolver she had snatched from her bureau drawer in case of trouble, while in a whisper, tense with emotion, she asked:

"So this is how you keep your word?"

To Light Fingers it seemed useless to try to explain in the face of such damning evidence, but so much happiness was at stake that he resolved to make a desperate attempt to force her to believe him.

"Dorothy, please listen to me," he pleaded. "I told the gang I was going to drop out. Honestly, I had nothing to do with this."

But there was no softening in the girl's eyes.

"I don't believe you," she told him. "Perhaps the police will."

She turned to the phone, her gun still covering her prisoner.

"You're wasting your time," he announced. "The wires are cut. The boys are getting further and further away each minute. Please let me try to get them."

"So you believe in the old saying, 'It takes a thief to catch a thief'?"

The sarcasm in her voice stabbed him but he couldn't think of that now.

"I didn't know that the ferry doesn't run after midnight," he explained hurriedly, fighting against time, "and the boys don't know it yet."

"You are asking me to trust you again?" she queried.

"Do believe me, Dorothy," he pleaded in desperation. "I want this chance. I want to make good."

In spite of the evidence against him, Dorothy felt intuitively that he was telling the truth—or maybe she just hoped he was. It was her heart rather than the good sense for which her uncle had always given her credit that said:

"I want you to make good." Then her fear for his safety became paramount to every other consideration. "You'll be careful, you promise me?"

"I'll be careful," he promised.

With that he was gone, jumping through the window and into the roadster parked near it. But, even as he turned the machine into the main roadway, it was spotted by Kerrigan and his men, who had taken the precaution to have the local garage notify headquarters the minute a car answering the description of Light Fingers's put up there.

"Come on, boys, after him!" Kerrigan gave the order and the driver stepped on the gas.

Turn followed turn in the winding country road and Light Fingers, looking back at the pursuing car, felt that the game was up unless some unforeseen circumstance intervened. It did in the form of a passing train, which just missed Light Fingers as he sped across the track and cut off for a moment the other car.

In the ferry house Light Fingers found the gang waiting for the boat, ignorant even then of the fact that the last one had crossed the river a half hour before.

"Thought you could pull the job and get away with it!" he flashed. "Well, you're in for the surprise of your life. Kerrigan and his men have been following me. You fellows better make a quick getaway!" That they thought well of his advice was evinced by the rapidity with which they dashed through a door leading from the ferry house. "Wait a minute, Towers," Light Fingers arrested his buddy. "I'll take the jewels." There was no time for argument and, anyway, Towers knew from past experience that the strength of the leader's arm was always powerful to enforce his orders when words failed to do so. Submissively he handed over the box of gems and Light Fingers dashed out through a side door and into the shelter of the surrounding shrubbery just as Kerrigan and his men entered the ferry house.

AT breakfast the next morning Dorothy was strangely pale and silent and no amount of coaxing on her uncle's part could induce her to eat any breakfast, though she sat at the table and went through all the motions.

Later, as was her usual custom, she accompanied her uncle to his study to help him lay out his plans for the day. But this morning Mr. Madison was interested in only one thing, a beautiful black opal which he had just acquired. Remembering the detective's warning of the previous day, he immediately went to the safe to deposit it with his other gems. To his amazement he found the door was open and the safe empty. His mind flashed back to his nephew and the scene that had been enacted only the previous morning.

"Dorothy, call Donald," he directed sternly.

"He isn't here," the girl faltered, for, before going to breakfast, she had entered her brother's room and found it empty.

"Where is he?"

"He didn't get back from the Walters' last night," she told him.

"You mean you did not see him." His eyes wandered back to the empty safe and there was no mistaking the suspicion in their depths. Dorothy read it and her face grew still whiter.

"Oh, uncle, don't say that! He didn't do it!" she pleaded.

"We'll find out, we'll find out," Mr. Madison flashed, taking up the receiver. "Hello! Hello!" he called, but the phone was dead.

"I am sure it wasn't Donald," the girl repeated.

"But he has been pestering me for money to gamble on the stock market," her uncle reminded, "and the man who opened this safe knew the combination."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Kerrigan.

"Well, he got away from us," the detective announced abruptly.

"How did you know I was robbed?" Madison queried, surprise at the efficiency of the police department temporarily overshadowing every other emotion. "I didn't know it myself until a few minutes ago."

"I was right behind him," Kerrigan told him.

"Behind whom?" Mr. Madison asked anxiously, still feeling that his nephew was in some way involved in the robbery.

"Carado, alias Light Fingers," Kerrigan informed him, turning his attention to the empty safe. "You say you discovered this just a few minutes ago? You didn't hear anything last night?" Mr. Madison shook his head. "How about you, Miss Clark?"

"I thought I heard something," Dorothy replied hesitatingly.

"But, of course, you didn't consider it necessary to investigate," the detective commented, and both Mr. Madison and his niece wondered at the sarcasm in his voice. "Any other ladies in the house?"

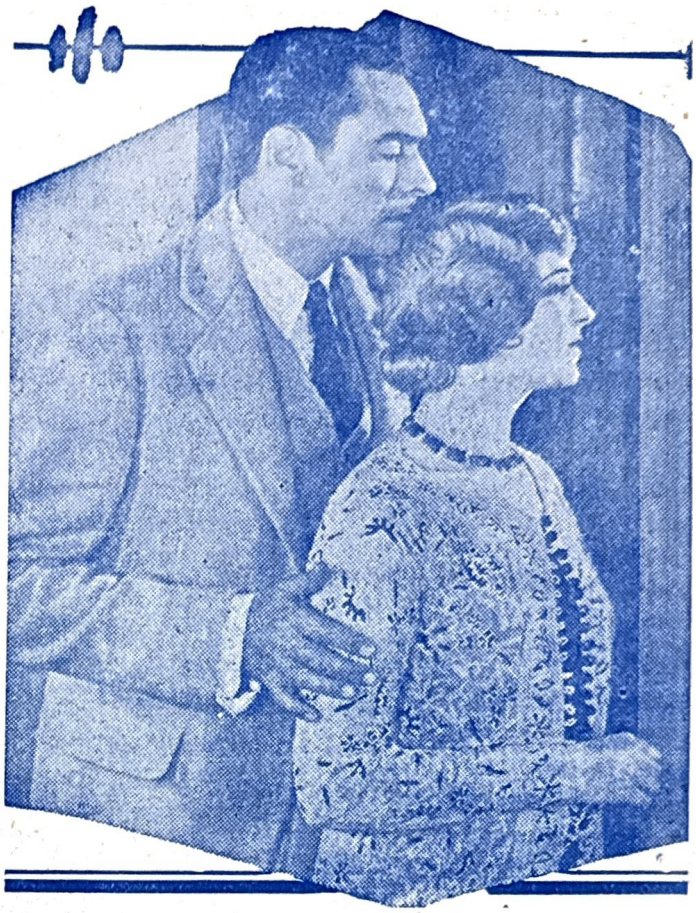
"No, my niece is the only one," the old gentleman told him.

"A woman stood at that window and watched Light Fingers get away—and that woman was you." Dorothy paled at the accusation, but made no attempt to deny it.

"I came into the room and found Mr. Carado here," she explained quietly.

"My word, why didn't you do something?" her uncle queried in astonishment.

"Yes, Miss Clark, why didn't you do something?" the detective repeated.



"A woman wants to be told."

"It was too late then, the safe was already robbed," she told them.

Mr. Madison eyed his niece suspiciously.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why have you lied to protect a thief?" he asked.

"He is risking his life to get your jewels back for you," she told him desperately.

"And you believe that?" Kerrigan asked.

"I certainly do," she returned unflinchingly.

"You seem to have a pretty good opinion of him," the detective commented.

At that moment there was a movement at the window in back of them and Light Fingers, the big jewel case under his arm, stepped into the room.

"Perhaps, Mr. Kerrigan, I can be of some assistance to you," he smiled at the detective. "I'm sorry I'm so late. Will you check them over?" He turned to Mr. Madison.

"You did bring them back!" Dorothy exclaimed, her eyes glowing.

But to Kerrigan's way of thinking there was a time and a place for sentiment and this was decidedly neither one.

"Come on, Light Fingers." He touched the young man's arm.

"Please, Mr. Kerrigan," Light Fingers began with a teasing smile, "what is the charge against me?"

"Robbery," the other snapped.

"Can you prove it?" the young man queried.

"Mr. Madison, I want you to prefer charges against him," Kerrigan told the millionaire. The latter hesitated and Dorothy saw that such a measure was not to her uncle's liking.

(*Continued on page 23*)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

VIRGINIA has been called "Mother of Presidents", but it is doubtful whether, before the advent of William Haines, anyone had ever thought of terming the Old Dominion a mother of film stars.

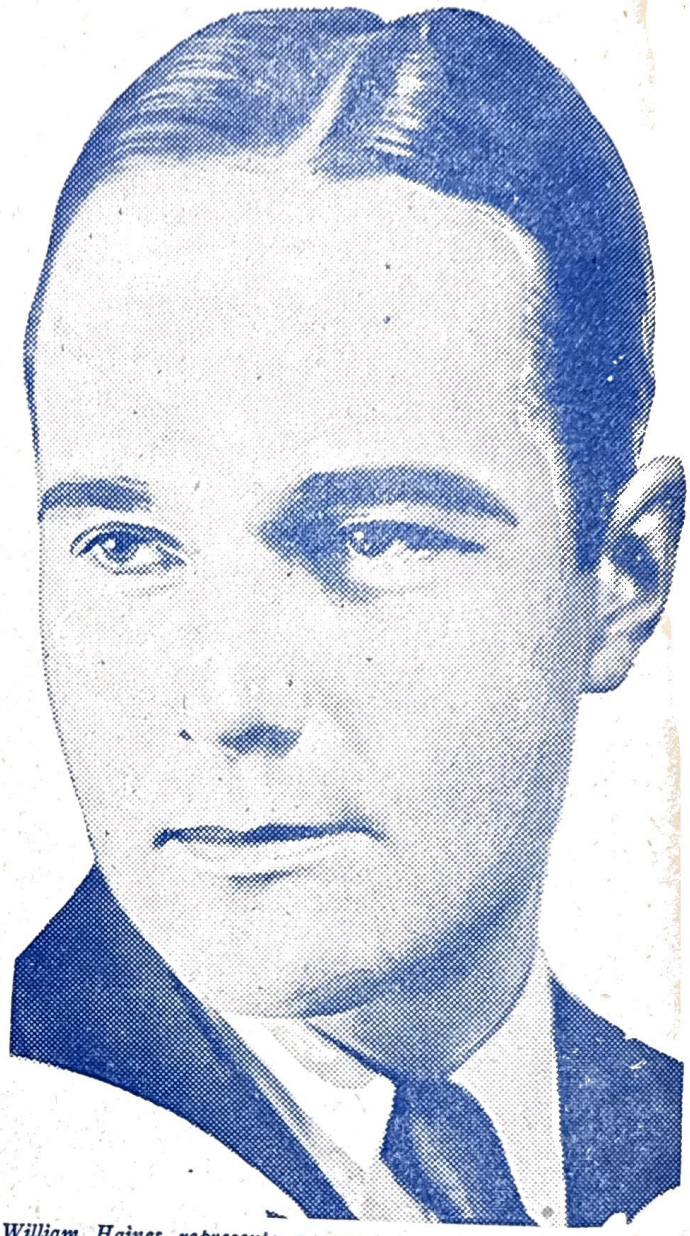
Born in Staunton, one of the most attractive of the old Virginian communities, on January 1, 1900, William Haines's boyhood was that of the average small-town boy. He had two brothers and two sisters, and his father was engaged in business locally. There was not the slightest trace of theatrical blood or histrionic ambition in the family.

When Cadet Haines was seventeen years old, a member of Staunton Military Academy, the United States entered the War. Too young to enlist, the future film star applied for a job in a munitions factory in Hopewell, Va.

"As a mechanic I was about as useful as a Pekingese pup," was his later comment concerning this experience.

After another unsuccessful attempt at factory work, Haines came to New York and succeeded in obtaining a position with a bond house at twenty dollars a week. The work was not particularly exhilarating but was more congenial than his previous duties.

In 1921 Bijou Fernandez, alert scout for the Goldwyn Company, saw a tall, good-looking chap with a face that seemed to have camera possibilities. It was William Haines, walking along Wall Street during his lunch hour. Invited to submit his photograph in an "Opportunity Contest" then being held to select new screen talent, Haines was inclined to treat the matter as a joke but finally was convinced of Miss Fernandez's sincerity. Shortly afterward a screen test gave him first place in a competition



William Haines represents a new screen type, a personification of youthful insouciance and wit.

in which thousands of picture aspirants were entered. Eleanor Boardman was winner in the feminine division of the contest.

Haines and Miss Boardman went to the Coast and both were given small parts in "Three Wise Fools", a Goldwyn production. A couple of years later they appeared together again in "Memory Lane". Meanwhile the young Virginian was making progress steadily. Among other films he played in "Souls for Sale", "The Wife of the Centaur," "A Slave of Fashion," "The Tower of Lies," "Sally, Irene and Mary" and "Mike". In 1926 he scored an outstanding personal triumph in "Brown of Harvard", and it was then just a question of how much time would elapse before he would be advanced to stardom.

If "Brown of Harvard" was the "making" of Haines, "Tell It to the Marines" was the picture which showed what an enormous popular following he was developing and proved to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer his right to be ranked as a star. "Lovey Mary" and "The Little Journey" were pictures of the same period.

(Continued on page 31)

Anita Page, William Haines and John Miljan in "Speedway", M-G-M production.

"'Do you believe in love in a cottage?' says he."
"'Sure I do—if the cottage's in my name,' says I."
("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Brothers.)

Fun from the Flickers

By SONNY SMILES

Englishman to Georgie Price during recent London appearance: "I say, old chap, will you sing for us that jolly old American song, 'The Trust Companies of Indiana'?"

Georgie Price: "I'd like to oblige you, I'm sure, but I've never heard of a song by that name."

Englishman (an hour later): "Dear fellow, I was wrong about the name of that song. It's really, 'The Banks of the Wabash,' don't you know?"

("Don't Get Nervous," Warner Brothers-Vitaphone.)

* * *

"Lon Chaney's been on the eighteen-day diet for five days and he's lost eleven faces already."

(Al Jolson, Warner Brothers.)

* * *

"My last leading lady said to me:

"'I want a man who can make love like John Barrymore, fight like Richard Dix and wear clothes like Richard Barthelmess.'

"'I'm sorry I haven't those qualifications,' I told her, 'but I can bite like Rin-Tin-Tin.'"

(Al Jolson, Warner Brothers.)

* * *

"You've got to get up some time."

"Well, make it some other time."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway," Warner Brothers.)

"Alimony is a woman's insurance policy."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

"Thank heaven, I have a marble heart."

"And a bone head."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

"I adore lawyers—they get you alimony."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

"I was so young—oh, Uncle Steve, I was born so young."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

"There was Lonzo—he was Spanish. I met him before he was Spanish."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

"They've given me an extra line. All my life I've wanted an extra line—and, now that I've got it, I can't remember the darn thing."

("Gold Diggers of Broadway.")

* * *

Customer: "Will you cash my check?"

Waitress: "I'd like to but the boss has an agreement with the bank—we don't cash any checks; they don't sell any ice cream." ("The Sophomore," Pathé.)

Days dragged dully, drably by for

The Girl in the Glass Cage

until youth and love appeared one day at the ticket office of the little theatre

By ROSEMARY LEE

THE foremost beauties of the screen nightly flittered across the silver sheet of the Elysium Theatre in the little town of Pomfret, but none was lovelier than the wistful, wide-eyed, brown-haired girl who sat in the glass cage and dispensed tickets with a shy sweet smile. Many of the men lingered at the window in the hope of more than the impersonal "Good evening." But each was doomed to disappointment as Gladys Cosgrove pointed a meaning finger at the sign, "How many please?" and waited patiently for the answer. Of course, she had youth's desire for the companionship, the admiration of young men her own age. But across the street in the bar-room of the Social Club she knew her uncle's keen eye was watching her every move and she did not dare indulge in even innocent pleasantries with the likeable chaps who tried to make her acquaintance. But Sheik Smith, one of the habitues of the club, thought he had found the key to the situation. Her uncle's chief interest in life was the drinks that passed in a constant stream over the bar—if one had the price. Old man Cosgrove was not always so fortunate and it was on this weakness that Smith played. Nightly he might be found at a table in the club with the old man opposite him, imbibing freely and gratefully of the drinks for which Smith footed the bills, while his small beady eyes wandered constantly to the lovely girl in the glass cage across the street.

"Sheik, that Cosgrove dame can't be dated," Doc Striker, another hanger-on of the club, warned Smith.

"Not by you," the dapper little man replied confidently, "but just watch me."

"Look out for her uncle," Striker warned. "He tried to have me pinched for following her home the other night."

"That's where you're not wise. I am in with her uncle. The drink does the trick," the other replied. "It's even money I'll date her up tonight."

"Did you hear that, Carlos?" the speaker addressed the half-witted boy who ran errands around the club. "He's getting goofier than you are."

With a confident grin, Smith adjusted his tie, tipped his hat to the proper angle and strolled across to the Elysium. The line had already formed for the evening performance and he took his place at the end of it. When his turn came, Gladys looked at him wonderingly as he made no effort to purchase a ticket. She pointed to the sign, "How Many Please?" and waited.

"I want standing room and I'll take it right here." Smith leaned his elbows on the glass shelf and favored Gladys with his best smile. Again she pointed to the sign, this time impatiently.

"How about a little stroll after the show?" he asked.

She shook her head in annoyance, but Sheik made no attempt to move from his place at the window. Then suddenly a pair of strong hands grasped his arms and pushed him aside and he turned to glare into the eyes of a tall youth bearing all the earmarks of the college student. He straightened his shoulders and attempted to regain his place at the window, but a well-aimed blow sent him sprawling to the ground while the boy who had administered it exclaimed:

"You'd better stick to your own kind after this—it's healthier." Then the lad removed his hat and, gazing with frank admiration into the frightened blue eyes of the little cashier, asked, "May I see you home this evening? It's safer." Gladys smiled at him gratefully but shook her head.

"Thank you, but I wouldn't dare," she told him. "My uncle has forbidden me ever to be seen with a man."

"Well, your uncle doesn't know what you're up against in a town like this," he returned.

But still she shook her head, and the boy purchased his ticket and joined the stragglers who were going into the theatre. But, when Gladys closed the window of the glass cage and pulled on her little felt hat, preparatory to going home, she found him waiting for her. Without a word he took her arm and fell in step beside her.

"Do you know you haven't told me your name?" he broke the silence, for the girl seemed too shy to speak.

"And yours?" she asked when she had given him the desired information.

"Terry Pomfret."

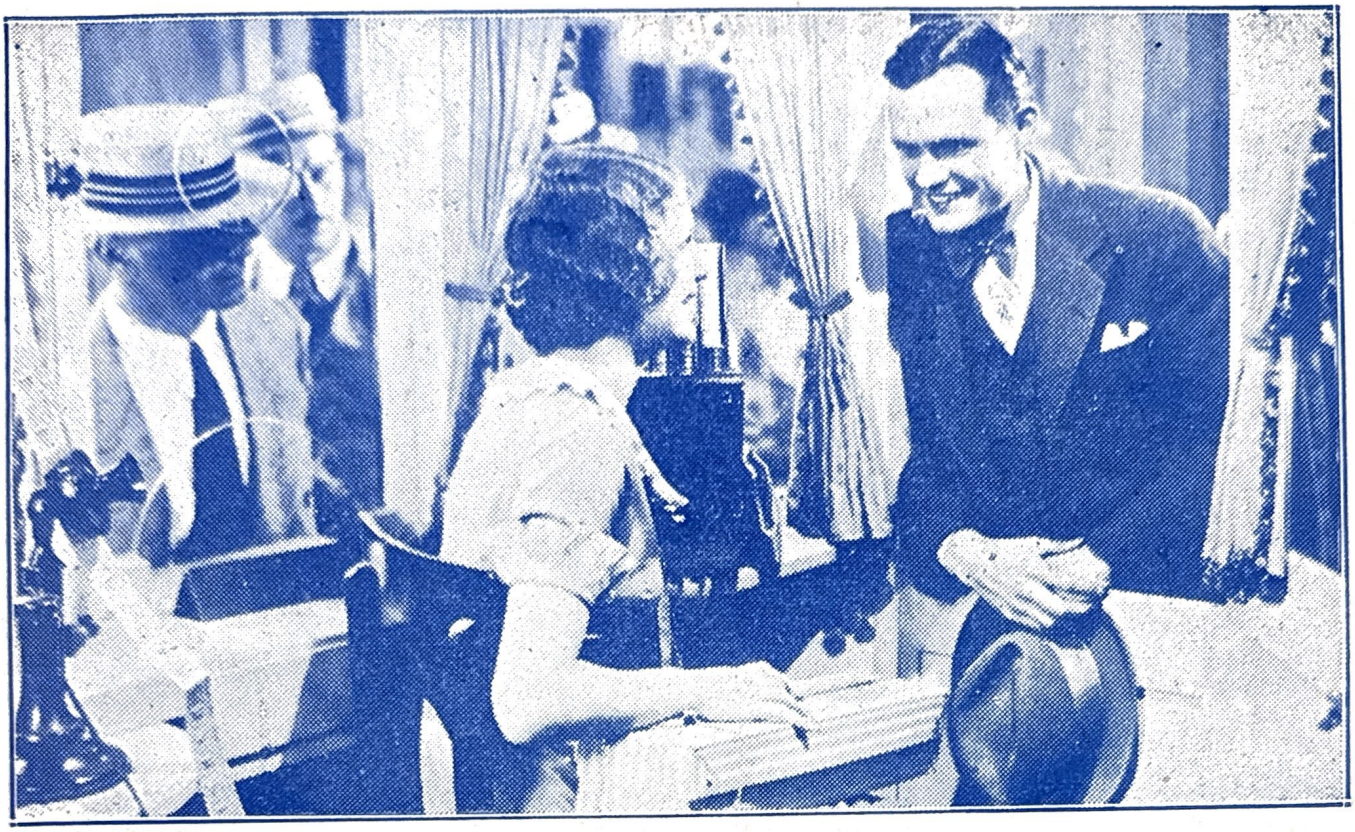
"Why, the town is named after your family! You live in the big house on the hill!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he assented a trifle bitterly, "if you can call it living."

The shadow of a frown wrinkled his brow as his mind visioned the cold, sombre old homestead, the staid, dignified mother who really adored her only son, but who was so wrapped up in upholding family traditions that she had never had time really to become acquainted with him, the society girl, now his mother's houseguest, who had been selected to help him carry on the Pomfret name as soon as he had finished his college course. Silence again fell between them, each busy with lonely thoughts, as the noise of the town gradually became an indistinct murmur and they strolled through a tree-arched road which led to the few straggling houses on the border of the main street.

"I live here," the girl said finally, indicating a dilapidated frame house, a few yards away. "You'd better go back now. You know my uncle—" She held out her hand and the boy clasped it in his.

This is an adaptation of First National Pictures' screen presentation of the story by George Kibbe Turner. James Gruen wrote the scenario and Ralph Dawson directed, with Loretta Young appearing as Gladys Cosgrove, Carroll Nye as Terry Pomfret, Matthew Betz as Doc Striker, Lucien Littlefield as Sheik Smith, Ralph Lewis as John Cosgrove, George Stone as Carlos, Julia Swayne Gordon as Mrs. Pomfret, Charles Sellon as Prosecutor Dan Jackson, Robert Haines as Attorney Fellows and Marjeo Coleman as Isabelle Van Court.



Terry Pomfret became a constant visitor to the Elysium Theatre.

"You'll let me see you again before I go back to school, won't you?" he pleaded.

"I'd love to, if I can," she returned as she hastened up the steps and put her key in the door.

Her uncle was waiting for her in his usual state after an evening at the club.

"You're late," he said surlily, with a glance at the clock. "Go to your room."

As she hurried up the stairs, she hoped that there would not be the usual session when her uncle was displeased, for she wanted nothing to mar the happiness she was hugging to her heart. But the old man followed her a minute later and entered her room just as she was removing her hat.

"You watch out or you'll turn into a good-for-nothing like your mother," he warned. "No wonder your father's dying request was that I keep you from becoming like her."

"Why don't you let me go away?" she asked wearily, with the hurt expression that always came into her eyes at his disparaging references to her mother. "I can support myself."

"No," he flared. "I am your guardian and you'll stay right here." He crossed to her dresser and, picking up her purse, emptied it of its contents, a not unusual procedure on his part when he had exhausted all other means of procuring drink. "I'm going out—for a walk," he announced. "Have breakfast ready early."

With a sigh of relief the girl watched him leave the room. She was in no doubt as to his destination, but at least she would be free for a while from his constant nagging, his slurring remarks about her mother, who had been driven to seek relief from the tortured existence with just such a man as this uncle with whom, since her father's death, she had been forced to make her home.

BUT an old man's threats are soon forgotten when youth and love are calling. Many precious stolen hours when Cosgrove was leaning over the club bar were treasured by the young couple. The summer days flew by, marked by an occasional picnic in the nearby woods, a canoe trip down the river. Fate seemed to smile approval, for the uncle never suspected where his niece spent the time when he was not at home to watch her. Soon the hot August days gave way to early fall with its promise of red-gold leaves, its tinge of crisp autumn air. It was their last afternoon in the woods and they were enjoying to the utmost every fleeting moment.

"Why is it that the last day of vacation always seems like the shortest—and the sweetest? "Terry asked as they gathered up their picnic things, preparatory to starting home.

"I don't know, Terry," she returned wistfully, "but we have had some good times together."

"And we'll have some more during the Christmas holidays," the boy assured her. "They are only a few short months away."

"They'll seem like years to me," she said sadly.

BUT, if old man Cosgrove had been ignorant of the romance that was brightening his niece's life, not so Doc Striker and Sheik Smith, who were aware of the girl's every move, but kept the knowledge to themselves —for reasons of their own. But this last night when Terry Pomfret's car picked Gladys up at the outskirts of the town, the two men, accompanied by Carlos, were in

a machine close behind. What their object was in following the young couple they scarcely knew, but information thus gained might come in handy at some future time. The young people stopped at a bend in the road which commanded a view of the lake on which the moonlight was making a golden path. They alighted and climbed up to their favorite rock as if to say farewell to the spot where they had spent so many happy moments.

"Some day I'm going to take you to Valencia, the loveliest lake spot in the world," Terry whispered, his arm about her, his face pressed close to hers. At that moment a shot rang out through the stillness and Terry leaped from the rock and threw himself on Carlos, who was crouching in the shadow of the trees just beyond.

"Don't hurt me," the half-wit pleaded whimperingly. "Doc put me up to it. He said he wanted to see you jump. That's his gun," he explained, pointing to the revolver which Terry had wrested from his hand.

A coarse laugh from the car parked by the side of the road proved that Carlos was telling the truth and, with a stern warning to stay clear of practical jokes in the future, Terry let the boy go. When he left Gladys a short way from her home a little later, he placed the gun in her hands.

"Keep this," he told her, "so that fellow can't use it for any more jokes."

AND now with Terry away at college the days dragged wearily for Gladys. Of course, there were his letters, the Christmas vacation to look forward to, but she missed the boy's companionship, the many little attentions with which he had brightened her drab existence. And, with Terry away, Sheik Smith and Doc redoubled their efforts to "date up" the little cashier. Never an evening passed but what they came to the window of the glass cage and lingered to talk to her.

"If you and Doc don't let me alone, I'm going to tell my uncle," she finally warned Sheik Smith in desperation.

"No you're not," he returned confidently, "not unless you want me to tell him the way you and Pomfret went home together every night."

The girl's face grew pale. She knew that the man was making no idle threat and she knew also what awaited her if her uncle ever learned of those clandestine meetings. Sheik saw that he had scored his point and intended to waste no time in following it up.

"Tonight's the night I take her home," he told Doc Striker when he met him at the club a little later.

"But her uncle is sober enough to keep running to the window," Striker warned him. "Why don't you treat him to a few rounds of double-strength? I'll fix it with the bartender."

So, while Sheik made his way to the table where old man Cosgrove had already started his evening session, Striker crossed to the bar and whispered to the bartender, unaware that Carlos, who had been eavesdropping on the conversation, was hastening to the telephone. To the boy's half-dazed mind Gladys Cosgrove was like some lovely princess whom even he could worship from afar. She was in danger now and he could do nothing to save her. But the young college student who had struck Sheik Smith for attempting to make the girl's acquaintance a few months before would know just what to do. He soon got Terry on the wire at college and warned him that, if he didn't want to lose his girl, he'd better come right back, that Sheik Smith had been annoying her and that her safety depended upon his return to Pomfret immediately.

A LITTLE later that evening Terry dashed into the bar room of the Social Club, breathless from the speed with which he had covered the distance from the college town some miles away. At his entrance, old man Cosgrove, sitting at a table with Sheik Smith, raised his drink-heavy eyes and gazed at the newcomer with a peculiar expression.

"I just heard something tonight about that one there in the dude rain coat—about him and Gladys." He pointed a shaking at Terry.

"Oh, now don't worry about Gladys at all, Cosgrove," Smith reassured him. "Don't get excited over nothing."

Meanwhile Terry was demanding of Doc Striker who was leaning against the bar:

"Where is Sheik Smith? I have something very important I want to talk over with him."

"Why don't you see him in the day time? His office hours are A. M. to P. M. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've had enough of your jokes," Terry flashed. "The last one where Carlos shot off the revolver was just enough for me. Now where is Sheik Smith?"

"How can I keep track of a heavy sheik like Sheik Smith?" the other grinned. "Maybe he's out for the night, maybe he's gone home—or maybe he's gone to——" He leaned over and whispered something in Terry's ear—and that young man's fist shot out and sent him sprawling against the bar.

"Hold him, boys," Striker called as he scrambled to his feet. Then, as members of his gang pinned Terry's arms behind him, he slapped him across the face, pulled his hair, tweaked his nose. But at last the boy wrenched himself free of his captors and dashed for the window of an adjoining room, throwing off his rain coat as he went. It fell directly in Sheik Smith's line of vision and, unnoticed by anyone, he left the table, picked up the coat and stole from the club. The door had scarcely closed upon him when Striker approached Cosgrove's table, inquiring for him. The old man lifted his head, gazed at the smeared, blood-stained face bent above him, then went off into peals of drunken laughter.

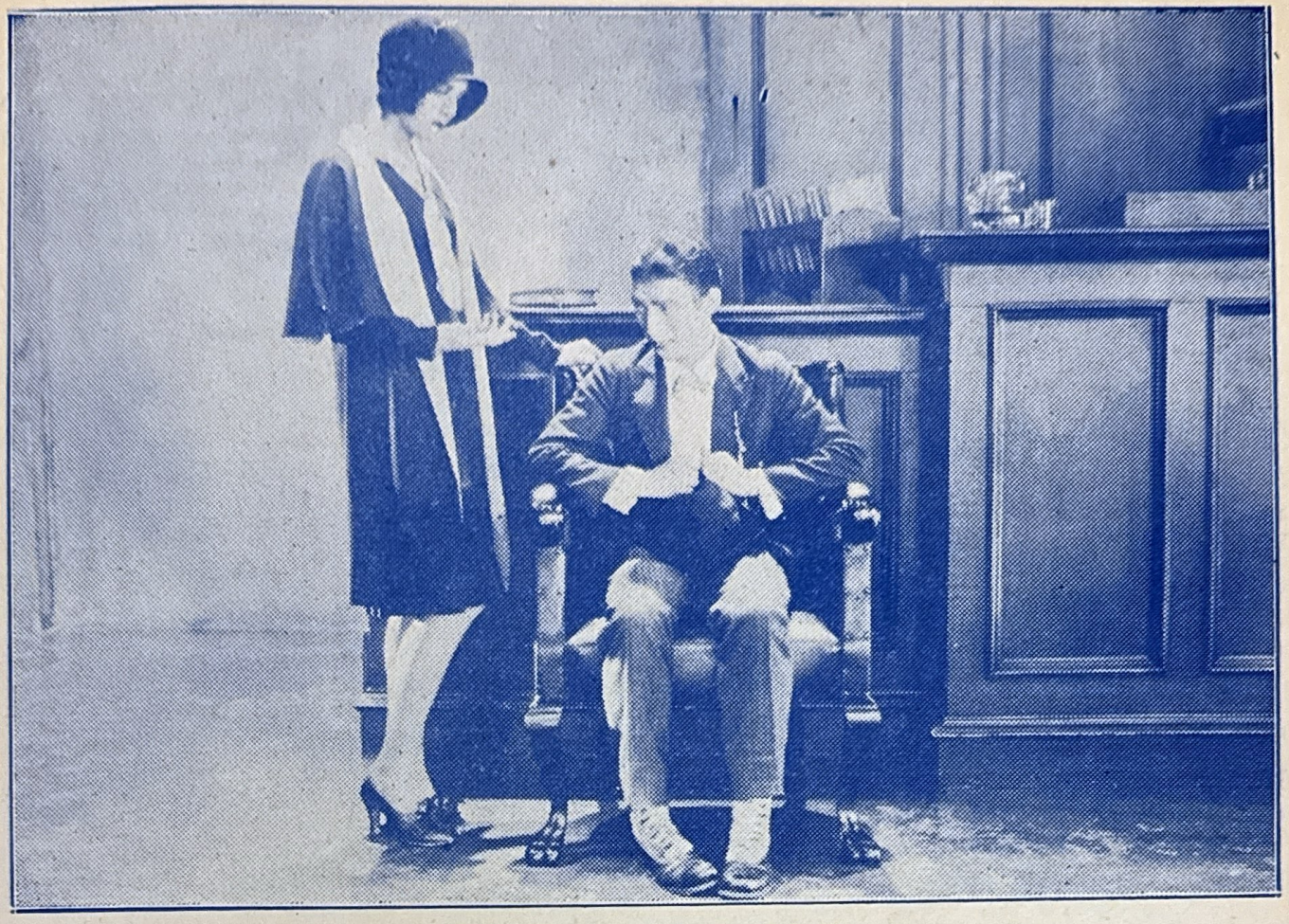
"What are you laughing at?" Striker demanded angrily.

"You look so funny! You look so comical!" the other returned. "Ain't he a clown, a regular stage clown?"

Striker's eyes flashed fire.

"Well, that's just fine, laughing at me, eh?" he said. "Well, that's just great. Let me tell you something, big boy. I just had a fight for you, so the laugh ain't on me—it's on you." Cosgrove raised his head and tried to grasp his meaning through the half-stupor he was in. "Young Terry Pomfret was just in here and he saw you passing out. Said he to me, said he, 'It's a swell chance for me to go to see Gladys.' I tried to stop him and I told him that he was a naughty boy and that Gladys was a naughty girl." He went off into gales of laughter again and the old man, suddenly sobered, sat gazing at him with a strange light in his eyes.

WHEN Gladys climbed wearily to her room that evening, she was struck by the sense of another's presence. Switching on the light, she turned to face Smith who stepped out from the shadow of a curtain.



"Where did you get this bullet, Carlos?"

"What are you doing here?" she demanded angrily.

"Why, I walked all the way over in the rain just to see you, Baby," he grinned.

"Well, you can walk right back in the rain," she told him.

"You've a great sense of humor, kiddie, and I like a good laugh," he returned.

"I'm not in the humor for laughing and I'm not in the humor for you and, what's more, I never will be, so get out of here." She pointed to the door but the man had no intention of leaving.

"Yes, I know," he told her, "you're stuck on that Pomfret kid and that's why I want to talk to you. You don't know what it's all about. If you'll give me a break, I'll open your eyes."

"And Terry will promptly close both of yours for you, so get out of here!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed as if it were all a huge joke. "You're a great kid and you and I should get along swell together."

At that moment the door was flung open and Terry stepped across the threshold. The girl ran to him with a grateful:

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here!"

But the boy regarded her coldly and made no effort to return her greeting.

"Perhaps you'd like to know I had a fight with Doctor Striker because he said Smith was up here," he said. "I didn't believe it. I hope I'm not intruding."

"Oh, Terry, you don't understand," she told him with a little sob. "I don't know how he came here, I don't know why he came here but please make him leave."

Terry crossed to Smith, his eyes flashing.

"I think I told you once before not to come up here," he warned. "Now get out."

A sneering smile curled Smith's lips.

"I was under the impression that Mr. Cosgrove is her guardian," he returned, "and that he objected to *your* attentions, not *mine*."

"I'm not interested in your impressions. Get out of here. Can't you see you're not wanted?" He towered over him threateningly and the girl placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"Oh, Terry, please don't start a fight," she pleaded.

But Smith had felt the power of the young college student's blows and he had no taste for a second dose. He swaggered to the door but turned at the threshold.

"Remember, where there is smoke, there may be a little fire," he said significantly.

"What does he mean?" Terry asked when the door had closed behind him. "That's the second time he's been up here that I know of. Have you been encouraging him?" he asked.

Gladys could stand it no longer. Nerves already strained beyond endurance broke down entirely and she gave way to a burst of hysterical sobbing.

"Encouraging him?" she repeated bitterly. "Oh, you don't know what I've been through or you wouldn't suggest such a thing. Why, he follows me down the street

near the box office and his insinuating smile and leering eyes—— He even comes to my home, knocking on the door, switching off the lights and then that awful— Oh, Terry, I can't stand it."

The boy's face went white over the girl's head pillowed against his shoulder and a look of determination came into his eyes.

"Give me that gun you have," he demanded.

Gladys stopped weeping, anxiety for the safety of her loved one overcoming all other fears.

"No, no, I won't give it to you—you can't have it," she told him.

"Then, if you won't give it to me, I know where I can get one and I'll get Sheik Smith if it's the last thing I do."

She clung to him, trying to keep him from leaving her, but he wrenched himself free and dashed down the stairs. The next second the whirring of his machine came to her like a death knell and, even before she closed the door of her room, it had died away in the distance. She sat down on her bed, her shoulders drooping, nothing about her seeming to be alive except the fear-haunted blue eyes. The only sound that penetrated the numbness of her mind was the constant drip, drip of the rain on the shed outside her room. Time passed by unheeded as her tortured thoughts followed the boy she loved out through the blackness of the night. A knock at her locked door finally aroused her and she sprang up eagerly, a glad cry of "Terry" coming from her white lips. But there was no response from the other side of the door, except the knocking, repeated again and again, and a new fear clutched her heart. She stumbled over to her dresser and from beneath a pile of handkerchiefs in the drawer took out the gun Terry had given her, then, leaning against the door, she cried:

"Go away or I'll shoot!" But no movement came from the hall outside. Finally she could stand it no longer—the drip, drip, drip on the shed, the darkness, for the lights had been switched off from the hall. Flinging open the door, she looked into the leering eyes of Sheik Smith. "Don't you dare come in here," she warned, "or I'll shoot."

But the man, who was well wrapped up in Terry Pomfret's raincoat, only smiled as he returned:

"That's all right, baby. Put the gun away. You won't need it. Is Terry here?"

"No, and it's a good thing for you he isn't," she told him.

"Well, I'm sorry," he returned suavely, "for I came over here to explain everything to Terry and to apologize to you. You see, your uncle is a friend of mine and I just couldn't realize——"

He got no further, for a shot rang out and he fell in a crumpled heap at her feet.

"Oh, Terry, Terry!" the girl called into the blackness of the hall. "Why did you do it? Oh, Terry, Terry, where are you?"

But there was no answer from the gloom beyond.

THE police, summoned by a stray passerby who had heard the shot, found her sitting on the bed, the gun still clasped in her hand.

Terry Pomfret confided the whole wretched affair to his mother, his love for the little girl from the town, the danger she was in, and begged her to help—and the proud woman, fearing that the old family name might become besmirched by scandal, promised to do so, upon Terry's word that he would not involve himself in any way and that he would never see Gladys again.

"Remember, young man," the expensive counsel Mrs. Pomfret had engaged from New York warned, after he had pocketed his generous retainer's fee, "you knew nothing of the murder of Sheik Smith until you saw it in the papers the next morning. The District Attorney would love to involve a wealthy young man like you. It would be a big thing for him, politically, but it would ruin you and your devoted mother. Under my protection this young girl will have a good chance—but only if you do exactly as I say."

GLADYS COSGROVE, sitting alone in her cell, had no regret that she had confessed to the murder of Sheik Smith. After all, Terry had committed this crime out of his great love for her and she was glad that she could make this sacrifice—of her life, if need be—in return. She was calm, emotionless; her blue eyes, dream-filled, showed no shadow of fear. She seemed only impersonally interested in the defense Attorney Fellows, sent by Mrs. Pomfret, outlined for her, until he concluded his advice with:

"And be sure not to get panicky, my dear, and tell the Judge that Sheik Smith was your sweetheart."

"And why—why should I say that?" she queried in surprise.

"Well, you know you might if you got excited," he told her. "But the Prosecuting Attorney and the Judge and the jury would nail you on that plea. There have been too many husband and sweetheart shootings around here lately, quite an epidemic, in fact—and they might give you the limit."

"What are you talking about?" she asked in wonder. "Do you think I'd go through all this to turn around and tell the world that I was that vile creature's sweetheart? I'd be likely to say that in a court room with Terry Pomfret there! Why, this is my big chance to prove my love for Terry and he knows—he knows I'm innocent of any crime."

"Any crime?" he repeated. "Of course, my dear, a little thing like murder—"

"Oh, he knows I am innocent of that," she said confidently.

"Terry Pomfret knows nothing except what he's read in the papers," he told her sternly.

"Oh, you've kept that up long enough," she retorted impatiently. "I know he's told you the truth. I just want to hear you say it—that Terry knows why I am doing this, why I'm facing it. Terry does know, doesn't he? Why, it's because I love him."

"As I have said before, he knows nothing except that you shot this man." He spoke slowly, decisively, as if to impress each word indelibly upon her mind. "Of course, he is sincerely sorry for you, he pities you—for that matter, so does his mother."

"Oh, why pretend?" she cried desperately. "I won't break—but you know who shot Sheik Smith and you know why he did it."

IT was the last day of the trial and Attorney Fellows was summing up for the jury.

"May it please the court, Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Jury," he said, "I wish it might be given you to

(*Continued on page 26*)

That's That

By RUTH RAND

In "Rio Rita", Bebe Daniels brings to the screen a brand new personality.

THE picture world is giving Bebe Daniels a great big hand. That little girl's just bound to keep on going—so on she goes. Twelve years ago she started climbing up the ladder. Step by step she rose to stardom, then a series of inconsequential pictures threatened her popularity. But did Bebe give up? Not she! She flashed those sparkling dark eyes of hers and started out to win all over again. Instead of spending her spare time sitting down and worrying about the end of her career, she spent every minute working on her voice. Then, with the same determination that brought her to the top before, she convinced the producers to give her a hearing for the prima donna rôle in "Rio Rita". The producers heard and Bebe won and they say that in the dazzling little Daniels lady who will be seen in this picture the screen has a brand new personality.

Having conquered the picture world, Bebe determined to conquer the air. Her fiancé, Ben Lyon, has long been an enthusiastic flier and, not to be outdone even by him, Bebe decided to be a bird. Recently she was made Honorary Colonel of a Pursuit Squadron of the U. S. Air Forces, a unique distinction.

Maybe it's those sparkling eyes that make Bebe win out each time but we're rather inclined to give the credit to the perseverance, the grit that lies behind them.

* * *

EVERY family album has a bridal picture of Grandma Smith and Grandpa Smith, looking as if they were facing an onrushing army of man-eating tigers, with Grandpa seated, top-hat in hand, and Grandma supporting herself on the back of his chair, bridal veil, lilies of the valley and everything. If anyone has any doubt that Grandma was married with all the pomp and ceremony attendant upon such an important event, the dear old lady trots out the album and produces the evidence which no one can dispute. But, perhaps, during the years, there have been moments of doubt in Grandma's mind as to whether she really promised to obey. The witnesses can't remember for sure and so it's a case of his word against hers.

But May McAvoy can have no such doubts. If she's ever inclined in that direction, all husband Maurice Cleary will have to do will be to take her to some nice little projection room and, presto, not only will she see but she will hear herself getting married, for May's wedding is the first in the world to be photographed in sound. It will be released as one of Columbia Pictures' Talking Screen Snapshots. Among the wedding guests the fans will see Edmund Lowe, Lloyd Hughes, Lilyan Tashman, Carmel Myers, Lois Wilson, Ruth Roland, Pat O'Malley, Bessie Love and many other screen favorites.

* * *

WALLACE Beery, aviator, is also an expert at navigation, which he learned in connection with obtaining his air license. And, since he's mastered the art of navigation, he's never played in a sea picture. He had two chances and each time something interfered. Before he learned to navigate, he played in several sailor rôles.

* * *

AMONG Joan Crawford's wedding presents is one that takes her to work every day. Her new husband, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., presented her with a small roadster manufactured by a gentleman whose first name is Henry. She leaves her big car with its trick horn home now and drives to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios daily in her new Alice-blue flivver.

* * *

NORMA Talmadge's favorite pet, a green parrot, Zuzu is heartbroken. His pal, Joe, is dead. Joe was Mary Pickford's parrot, and his cage was between the Talmadge and Pickford bungalows at the United Artists Studios. Zuzu's cage is inside Norma's bungalow, but the windows are usually open. and each day he and Joe carried on an animated conversation. Zuzu was persented to Miss Talmadge by a South American fan when she started work on her first all-talking picture, "New York Nights," just completed. He talked a blue streak as long as he had Joe to visit with, but now he sits in his cage hour after hour and refuses to utter a sound.

The Madonna of Avenue A

The desire for life, for gaiety, the restlessness that seized her at times—Maria learned their source and the knowledge brought her a certain happiness.

By MARK CANFIELD

(Maria Morton, a pupil at the Harbor Crest Academy, left alone there during the summer vacation because her mother, Mrs. Georgia Morton, claimed she was too busy with her welfare work to have her with her, met on the beach one day a young chap by the name of Slim Shayne, an officer, he told her, on a government boat lying at anchor in the harbor. He induced Maria to steal away from school that night and come on board. There he treated her to champagne and began to make love to her. He had her in his arms and was pressing a kiss on her lips, in spite of her struggle to free herself from his embrace, when revenue officers boarded the boat. Slim escaped with a bullet wound in his arm but Maria was captured by the government men and taken back to the school from which she was immediately expelled by the principal.

Arrived in New York, Maria went to the Park Avenue address to which she had always written to her mother and found that it was a pet shop. The proprietor, however, knew Mrs. Morton, had delivered Maria's letters to her and offered to take her to her mother who, he informed her, lived on Avenue A. Maria gratefully accepted his escort. Her amazement increased when the taxi stopped before a brightly lighted restaurant that bore the name "Café Georgia". Maria was sure there must be some mistake but, when she entered the café, she saw her mother at one of the tables with a man whom she recognized as the one who had accompanied her to the closing exercises at the school. Mrs. Morton paled beneath her make-up when she saw her daughter and, rushing up to her, immediately took her to her own room on the floor above the café. Explanations followed, explanations that were not easy for the mother to make. The man she had trusted, not knowing that he was married—until it was too late—had become Maria's father. A kiss, her mother explained, and there was no desire in her heart but to be in his arms—right or wrong. Maria grew white. That was why she had been so restless under the restrictions of the school, that was why, though she had struggled to free herself from Slim's embrace, she had carried him in her heart ever since. Yes, those strange longings, those disturbing desires, she had inherited from her mother. The latter was horrified when her daughter admitted her own wish for gaiety and life. Frantically she explained that she was going to sell out her interest in the café and take Maria to some quiet town where together they could make new friends, the kind of friends for which she had educated her daughter. She left her alone in the room while she, herself, returned to the café to announce to her partner, known as the Archduke, that she was through.

In Mrs. Morton's absence, Slim Shayne, who, strangely enough, was one of the intimate friends of the owners of the Café Georgia, came into the room. He was amazed to find Maria there—amazed and relieved, for he had worried for her safety ever since the night he had escaped from the rum-runner. Seeing her in these surroundings, he did not believe her story of being a student at the Harbor Crest Academy, but she finally convinced him that it was true.

"All I want to know is who brought you to this dump," he cried angrily, "and a chance to lay my hands on the dirty egg! Just a minute with him is all I want!"

At that moment the door flew open and Georgia Morton rushed in like a fury, gesturing wildly and screaming at Slim:

"Get out! Get out!")

* * *

SLIM felt his arms grabbed spasmodically by the enraged woman. She tried to shove him out of the room. Angered by her unprovoked attack, he exerted his strength and pushed her away and closed the door tight, shutting out the music from the café. His back against the door, he faced Georgia Morton in cold rage.

"What's the idea, bringin' this kid here? She's not the kind of a girl that belongs in a joint."

Maria had risen in silent fright at this encounter between her mother who belonged in the "joint" and the man who said he loved her and wanted to take her away. Mrs. Morton ignored his rage and his questions.

"Get out!" she repeated, passionately. "You are not fit to be near her!"

Slim's sarcastic laugh was so brutal that it terrified Maria still more.

"Oh, I'm not fit to be near her but *you* are!" he snarled as Mrs. Morton went to the girl and put her arm protectingly about her shoulder. "Take your hand off her!"

"Never! You——"

Slim grabbed her with one hand and gave her a push that sent her stumbling toward the door.

"Please, Slim!" cried Maria, restored to speech. "She's my mother!"

"What?" cried the incredulous youth, flabbergasted. "Your *mother!*" At her nod, Slim looked his apology at Mrs. Morton.

"I'm sorry, Georgia, but you got me wrong in the first place. I know I'm nothin' to write home about, but I—I'll go straight. I love her."

"Get out!" Mrs. Morton repeated, insistently.

He glanced at Maria for support, but she gave him no encouragement. Words seemed trembling on her lips but she did not speak them, and Mrs. Morton watched

This is an adaptation of Warner Brothers' screen presentation of the story by Mark Canfield. Ray Doyle wrote the scenario and Michael Curtiz directed, with Dolores Costello appearing as Maria, Grant Withers as Slim, Douglas Gerrard as the Archduke, Louise Dresser as Georgia Morton, Otto Hoffman as Monk and Lee Moran as Gus.

"Get out! Get out—all of you!"

him like a hawk, ready to fly at him in defense of her daughter. It was Maria who broke the tense silence.

"Please go, Slim."

At her request, he turned without a word and left them together. Mrs. Morton looked at her daughter, misery in every line of her face, of her body. Maria avoided her eyes, and she went quickly to her, seizing her hands.

"You knew him, Maria!"

"My letter will tell you all about it—when you read it," she answered dully.

"You don't love him, Maria?" the distraught mother pleaded. "You can't. You mustn't. He's not the kind of a man for you. You don't love him?"

Maria gazed beyond her mother without replying and Georgia Morton's heart grew cold with terror. The girl wanted to tell the truth, "Yes, I love him, Mother." She felt that the truth was in her eyes, that her mother would read it, so she kept gazing past her. Yet did she really love Slim? She mustn't hurt her mother just now. She turned to her at length and spoke slowly:

"No. No, Mother, I do not love him."

IN spite of her nervous and emotional exhaustion, Georgia Morton awoke early the following morning. It was but a few minutes after nine when she looked at her clock. Her first thought was of Maria—she would let her sleep while she prepared some steaming coffee. They would leave today—leave not only the café, but New York City. There were a hundred things to do and she must awake Maria soon. She was worn and "dragged out" from the events of the evening. Her whole body protested at moving, but she forced herself to get up.

The café seemed dingier and dirtier than ever as she glanced about the room from the stairs. The Archduke, in his shirt sleeves, was busy piling chairs on the tops of tables, ready for the cleaners. He looked up curiously at his partner.

"You haven't changed your mind, now that you've slept on it, Georgia?" he asked, a gleam of hope in his eyes. She smiled wearily and shook her head.

"There's some coffee for you," he said, nodding toward a table that was clear of chairs. "Made it myself."

"That was nice of you. I'll just take it up to Maria." She did not pick up the tray at once but stood looking about the café. Silent, deserted, dingy in the daylight, it did not hold a memory to make her sorry to leave. And yet she knew that if she waited till night when it awoke to life and simulated gaiety, when she aroused her energies to entertain the patrons, that she would be sorry to go.

"It won't seem like the old place without you, Georgia."

"Will you stay on, Duke?"

"If I can find another partner. I won't find one like you. Perhaps it will be best to sell out—if there's any offer worth considering."

"Well, do what you like, Duke, but dispose of my share as quickly as you can."

She took the tray and went upstairs. Leaving it on the table, she hurried to the door of the room she had given to Maria for the night. She called cheerfully, as she rapped:

"Maria! Maria!"

There was no answer. What a sound sleeper the girl was! Healthy young nerves! If she could sleep like that! She knocked more loudly, then opened the door and went quickly to the bed.

It was empty, the covers turned back. On the pillow

was an envelope addressed to her. Her legs grew suddenly weak; she wondered if she would fall before she could reach the bed. It was in her faltering fingers at last. She stumbled out of the bedroom to a chair by the table on which stood the coffee pot, steaming cheerfully. Her face was drawn, her eyes lifeless as she unfolded and read the note:

"Mother, I've gone to Slim. I love him. What he is or what he will be, I do not care. He told me that he loves me. Nothing else matters. Do not think you can change me. I do not think either of us is the changing kind. You won't need to give up the life you've been leading. I can see that you find a certain contentment in it. You won't need to worry about me any more. You've had enough of that. Don't try to find me. I'll come to you sometime. Maria."

As she finished reading the note, Mrs. Morton sank down in the chair. For the second time in twelve hours her world had fallen about her in ruins. She stretched her arms on the table, dropped her head upon them and sobbed unrestrainedly.

AT the same hour Slim Shayne was returning to his room a few blocks away. He had gone out for a cup of coffee—he didn't want anything to eat, and it made him think he was sick—and had taken a long walk. He didn't want to talk to any of the boys—just be alone with his thoughts. The swing had gone from his stride. He slouched along the street, stopping in the doorway of the house in which he had a room to light a cigarette from the butt of another.

The shades were still down in his room, just as he had left them. He walked wearily across to raise them, letting the sunlight in. For a moment he looked out into the street. As he turned around, he came to an abrupt halt.

Maria Morton sat in a chair, the sunlight shining on her face, lighting up the timid smile with which she greeted him. That sad little smile was one of surrender. He knew it at once, and his heart was touched to gentleness. With an answering smile, joy leaping into his eyes, he hurried to her and fell on his knees, his arms going swiftly about her. He looked up at her, mutely questioning. Maria's lips moved tremulously as she gazed down at him, but she was unable to speak.

"Maria, you have come to me."

There was a sort of awe in his voice, a gladness and a tenderness that took away the last fear in the girl's heart.

"I had to come, Slim. I could not help it—because I love you."

"And I love you, Maria."

His arms tightened about her and he drew her close as though never to let her go. And Maria felt her heart swelling with joy. Suddenly she leaned down and kissed him. Her lips were as eager as Slim's had been that night on the boat. She belonged to him. Her surrender was complete.

In spite of his gentleness with her, Slim felt himself a conqueror. None of his friends had a girl as good-looking as Maria—or half so well educated, if she really had been attending that school, and he believed that she had been. She talked much better English than almost any of his associates.

"I fell for you the minute I first saw you," he told her. "I didn't think I'd ever get you, you were so swell and grand. But I did. It's wonderful, Maria, to think that you love me."

"I didn't want to, Slim—not after that night. But I can't help myself. It was just meant to be. What are you going to do with me?"

"What am I goin' to do with you? After we're married—"

In an access of happiness at his words, she cut them off with an ardent kiss, throwing herself upon his breast.

"Married! Oh, Slim!"

"Of course, married! Didn't I say I loved you?"

"When, Slim?"

"What's the matter with today? This is as good a time as any. I ain't got nothin' on today, on account of my arm. We can go down to the Municipal Building and get a license and be married right there. You don't have to get your mother's consent, do you? You're over age?"

"I'm nineteen."

"Then what we do's nobody's business but ours. We'll come back to my room and live here until you find another room you like better. There's nothin' fancy about it, but it's a room."

With a woman's concern for decorative possibilities, her eyes ran around the room. It was fairly large and had two windows. The wallpaper was dingy and torn in places, but was cheerful in color.

"I'm sure I can fix it up to look quite pleasant," she said, after her critical survey, "with some pretty curtains and some flowers."

"We'll find a bigger one," he assured her, "and you can fix that up to suit you. Shall we go down and get married?"

"You haven't asked me," she replied teasingly.

"Why, I just said so—"

"Yes, you said so, but you didn't *ask* me."

Slim entered into her gay whim. He rose and made a bow that was somehow courtly despite its awkwardness.

"Maria, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Slim, I will."

She jumped up and flung her arms about his neck. They clung for a minute in a tight embrace, then Slim released himself, got his hat, and they started for the Municipal Building.

IT was several weeks later. Slim and Maria were giving a party for some of his friends and their girls. They had found a room a few blocks away that was slightly larger and in better repair. Maria had spent an afternoon shopping at one of the cheaper department stores and had come back with some material for window curtains. She had been taught to sew at one of the schools she had attended and, the following evening when Slim returned, the room looked very attractive. He told her he hardly knew it, it was so grand.

She had tried to adapt herself to his ways and to his friends. They were young men and girls from the East Side slums and some of the things they said and did jarred upon her, but she had Slim and was not going to cut him off from any of his friends.

She had not seen her mother again, and Slim had not

"Gee, kid, I'm sorry I let you get tipsy—honest, I am."

gone to the café. Maria did not want to see her mother just yet. She was in a new world and was too busy accustoming herself to it and to the idea of being a wife to worry about what her mother might think. She felt that this was the kind of life to which she belonged, by inheritance and instinct if not by taste, and set herself resolutely to acquire a taste for it. It was Slim's life and she was determined to share his life, not try to make him over. And there was a certain freedom and rude gaiety that appealed to her. She loved and was loved; the loneliness which had been her companion for so many years was gone. Slim had been away a couple of nights, meeting a rum-runner off the Jersey coast, and seemed well supplied with money.

He drank quite a little, but never so much but that he knew what he was doing. She had set about learning to drink with him and his friends. All the girls his men friends brought to their room drank and made rude fun of her because she did not have a taste for any liquor, except for champagne and a certain sweet wine that Slim sometimes brought home with him. She made a wry face over cocktails and highballs.

Tonight they were giving their first party. A cheap, squeaky radio was supplying the music in a tempo that matched that to be heard at the Café Georgia. To its rhythm the dancers moved slowly in close embrace—in that absurd necking dance position of the slums. They bumped into each other and into chairs and the table that had been moved back against the wall, but such interruptions meant nothing; the bodies of the dancers did not separate by the breadth of a hair. The men slewed the girls around to get clear of the obstacle and proceeded to whirl slowly around the room.

Maria was having a glorious time; she was dancing with Slim, her body snuggled tightly against him. The music from the radio was punctuated with static crackle and squeak, but nobody minded that. It beat the time to which they moved ecstatically.

As he approached the table, pushed in one corner, Slim lifted Maria off her feet and set her down among the liquor bottles and the glasses which almost covered it. She glanced for a moment into the cheaply framed mirror, straightened her hair and for a moment watched the reflection of the dancing couples.

"How funny they look!" she exclaimed in a half-whisper.

"What's funny about it?" demanded Slim. "It doesn't hand me a laugh."

"But how can they keep dancing in the one position so long?"

"Don't you like it?"

"Yes—with you. But I'm sure the muscles of my neck would ache all night if I kept my head twisted in such an uncomfortable position dance after dance."

"It's all in gettin' used to it," proclaimed Slim from long familiarity with the necking dance as practised on the East Side.

Swaying a trifle, Slim began mixing drinks. Maria watched him for a moment, then leaned closer to say:

"I couldn't hardly taste anything in that last one."

"Yeh, but you're only learnin'," warned Slim. "It takes a lot of practice before you can stand 'em strong."

"But I've had many weeks of practice, darling, and you promised tonight would be special."

"O.K.," nodded Slim, pouring more gin into her glass, "but, if you gotta be carried t' bed, don't blame y' daddy."

"Well, you're here to do it, aren't you?"

"Sure, I am, honey, but you ain't never had a real drunk. After one of those babies you don't feel none too good the next day."

Something in Slim's words brought to Maria a realization of what she faced if she imbibed enough to get drunk. She had seen girls that way before and had been disgusted with their strident voices, their amorous actions and the language they used. Did she want to be like them, to act like them, to associate with them for the rest of her life? She had not thought of it in just that way before. It made her pause. Would she like to remember that she had been so tipsy tonight that Slim had had to undress her and put her to bed—like a log?

Slim tipsily held out the filled glass to her and carefully closed her fingers about it.

"Here, kid, drink it down, s'long as you want to be a regular guy."

He took up the tray of filled glasses and started to carry it to his guests. Maria remained sitting on the table, apart from the revelry going on about her. The music died out and she saw the girls gulping down their drinks as avidly as the young men. She would be able to do that soon, without gasping and sputtering, if she kept on trying to be a "regular guy". She began to wonder if she wanted to be a "regular guy" in the East Side's gay set. Hadn't many a girl started drinking just to be one of the fellows and ended up by being a drunken sot?

She did not taste the drink in her hand but turned her face away from it. As she did so, she caught a glimpse of her countenance in the mirror. She studied it. It was a lovely blonde face that stared back at her. It was different from the faces of any of the girls dancing in the room. What would it be like a year, five years, from now if she learned to gulp her liquor down?

As she gazed at her reflection, she seemed to see another face take the place of her own—that of Georgia Morton, her mother, in her gaudy evening dress, with the rouge scarlet on her lips, her eyelashes heavy and black with mascara; the smile on her face was half a leer; she drained a glass of liquor and burst into that loud laugh that had startled Maria when she saw her mother for the first time at the Café Georgia talking with the man known as "Archduke".

Maria turned shuddering from that vision of what she herself might become in a few years if she pursued the course she had set herself upon—that of becoming a "regular guy" in the "set" that Slim moved in.

The glass of liquor that Slim had mixed fell from her nerveless fingers and was shattered on the floor. The raucous jazz that came from the radio sickened her. She would never be what her mother had become! Determination was born in her soul at that moment. She got down from the table and walked quickly toward her guests, still dancing in that silent huddle that had become odious to her. Her appearance must have struck the befuddled minds of some of the couples for they looked curiously after her.

In the middle of the room, surrounded by the dancers, Maria came to a stop and cried out in a hysterical tension of nerves that could be heard above the shuffle of feet and the clacking of the radio:

"Get out, all of you, get out!" She gestured them toward the door, her cheeks pale, a fire in her eyes that turned their blue to steel hardness.

In amazement, the dancers halted in their tracks, except for two or three couples too tipsy to take in the import of her words. In the stunned silence some one shut off the brazen music of the radio.

Dumbfounded, the guests looked at her. Some seemed to think it was a joke. The moment of dramatic silence was broken by the drunken laughter of a girl no older than Maria—a girl who was pretty enough when she was herself but from the mask of whose face all personality had vanished under the alcoholic stimulation of the evening.

Maria's warring emotions were reflected in her face—in the horror of her wide-open, staring eyes. There came another shrill peal of laughter. Maria called again to her guests:

"Go! Go, all of you! Go, all of you!"

Slim hurried waveringly toward her, muttering to his friends:

"She's gone nuts. Don't mind her. Go on dancin'. Start the radio somebody."

"No!" cried Maria. "Send them away—everyone!"

"Aw, Maria, what's eatin' you, honey?"

"Please, Slim, please. I can't stand it another minute."

Some of their guests began to start reluctantly toward the door. Slim motioned to them not to go. But several got their hats and started to leave. A youth who had brought the radio, disconnected it and carried it out. Several more girls, with a flirt of their heads, shrugging of shoulders and swinging of hips, walked out, their "fellows" following.

In less than two minutes the room was empty of the crowd. Maria and Slim were standing alone in the middle of the floor. Suddenly Maria broke into a passion of sobs, hysterical and uncontrolled. Slim put his arms about her and sought to comfort her.

"C'm on, Maria. Tell a guy what it's all about, won't you? Aw, c'm on, kid. Gee, I'm sorry I let you get tipsy—honest I am!"

Through her tears Maria looked up at him, put her arms about his neck, trying to pull his head down.

"I am afraid, Slim."

"Afraid, Maria, with me here to protect you? Gee, what a swell idea y'must have of me as a husband!"

She pulled on him, her arms tight about his neck, until he fell on his knees, his own arms tight about her waist.

"Promise me, Slim—promise me that there will be no more of that—of parties like that."

"But, Maria—" Slim's startled exclamation was smothered by Maria's drawing his head tight against her breast.

"I do not want to be—like my mother, Slim! I can't be like her! I want us to be something. I thought I was like her at heart when I found out what she was and how I had liked your kiss that time on the boat even when I was afraid of you."

She put her hands on his shoulders and with sudden strength swung his head away from her so that his face was before her eyes.

"You must get a job, Slim. You must! You must! A steady job that's honest! You must, Slim!"

Slim arose to his feet, his arm going about her shoulder. Tenderly he caressed her hair and promised without a moment's hesitation:

"Sure I'll get a job, Maria. Sure I will. Hope to die if I don't. And we'll save our jack and move to Brooklyn, so help me."

"Oh, Slim, you've made me so happy! And I won't ever be like her, will I?"

"Georgia's a good sort, Maria, but, gee, I don't want my old lady to be like her."

Maria became quiet in his arms and smiled at him through her tears.

GEORGIA MORTON did not try to see her daughter. She was wounded by the girl's defection when she, herself, had arranged to give up her old life, sell out her interest in the café that bore her name and seek a new life with Maria where she could be to her the mother she had never been. She knew how useless it would be to go to her and protest against her "taking up" with Slim Shayne and abandoning her mother. Such protests and pleas had had no effect upon her life and she realized that there was enough of her in Maria to react to such protestations just as she herself had reacted when she had been swept off her feet by a man's kiss and her parents had sought to dissuade her. Her heart was sore and her maternal affection hurt, yet she kept a sort of watch over her daughter from a distance. Al White, the scar-faced man with whom she had been talking the night when she suddenly looked and saw Maria staring at her with horrified eyes, was the instrument she used to gather information about Maria.

She was talking with him now, at the very same table where Maria had discovered her mother and learned what her occupation of "social welfare" was. The jazz band was playing full blast. A waiter, who had come to ask her about a check, was waved unceremoniously away.

"They've been living there for a month or more? Are they married?" The look that accompanied the question was so sorrowful that Al lowered his gaze.

"I don't think so, Georgia. Nobody who has been there has ever seen a marriage license that I can find out."

He did not glance up or he would have been amazed at the look of fury that danced and smouldered in Georgia Morton's eyes.

"He hasn't any job," Al continued. "They've been living on some jack he's saved. It's nearly gone now."

Mrs. Morton nodded with a certain set grimness in her features.

"It's killing me, Al, to see her wasting her life on him. Men like him who get a taste of easy money from rum-running won't try very hard for a job that means real, steady work."

"They don't, for a fact," Al admitted, as if reluctantly. "Yet I hear he has been lookin' about."

"If there was only some way in which I could—" She noticed the waiter, Gus, standing near by to speak to her and she motioned to Al to draw his chair closer. "I've got to get her away from him, Al. I can't stand by without lifting a finger to save her from drifting into the sort of life I've led. There must be a way. I've got to find it. You say she seems to be much in—to care very much for him?"

"Cooin' and turtle-dovin' all the time, as near as I can find out. I saw 'em together once. She was a-hangin' on his arm and lookin' up at him as though she wanted to eat him with her eyes—"

Mrs. Morton stopped him with a quick gesture, a stab of pain in her heart.

"Oh, if only I could find some way—"

Al suddenly leaned quite close to her and lowered his voice.

"Could I be of any service?" he asked significantly, rubbing his fingers together suggestively as though counting money.

She looked at him in silence; she was slow in realizing just what he meant. When she had taken it in, she, in turn, leaned toward him eagerly.

"Yes, I think you can."

"Always willin' to oblige an old friend," the man leered.

"No violence, Al."

"Trust me for that, Georgia. I ain't hankerin' for no trip up the river."

Gus, the waiter, still hovered anxiously nearby and Mrs. Morton and Al began talking in whispers, their heads almost touching over the table.

(Continued in Moving Picture Stories dated October 1st.)

LIGHT FINGERS

(*Continued from page* 9)

"Don't you realize he saved your collection for you, Uncle Ed?" she pleaded.

"See here, Kerrigan, is it a crime to want something that belongs to some one else?" the old man smiled. "If that were the case, we'd all be in jail."

"Well, maybe you're right," the detective agreed. "But when did you decide to be a good boy and go to heaven?" he asked Light Fingers.

The young man favored him with his most engaging smile.

"You're a detective, Kerrigan," he reminded him, "so that's for you to find out."

Kerrigan's gaze wandered to the golden-haired girl whose eyes were fixed on Light Fingers, adoration in their depths.

"A detective isn't always blind, Light Fingers," he smiled. "I guess I'd better be going now."

"I'll go as far as the door with you," Mr. Madison offered.

Left alone, the young people had so much to say to each other that they said nothing. Finally Light Fingers broke the silence with the obvious:

"I guess I'd better be going, too."

"Come back again sometime," Dorothy invited.

"Would you like me to?" he asked eagerly.

The girl nodded, a rose tint bringing new beauty to her face.

"I want you to tell me why you decided to be a good boy and go to heaven," she said softly.

"You know why," he returned gently.

"But a woman wants to be told," she announced.

And the roses blooming close to the window casement swayed in the opposite direction that they might not eavesdrop on the secret Light Fingers whispered into the ear of the happy-eyed, blushing girl—but, if the truth were told, they knew it before he did.

Gotham Gleanings

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

"THE COCKEYED WORLD"
(A William Fox Production, Reviewed at the Roxy Theatre)

Here is a film that will rake in the money,
Despite—or *because*—it is vulgarly funny;
It isn't a yarn for fastidious folks,
With its light o' love ladies and off-color jokes.

Of course, you remember the film, "What Price Glory?"
Well, this is a sequel to that dandy story,
With further adventures of *Quirk* and old *Flagg*,
Those buddies who revel and bluster and brag.

As soldiers of fortune, you see them go racing
From Russia to Panama—always a-chasing
The "dames" that are hovering near to their camp,
The girlies who flirt and the "broads" who will vamp.

McLaglen and Lowe are the stars—and they're splendid,
And Lily Damita is here recommended;
In fact, the whole cast is as good as can be;
The picture's a knockout, as you must agree.

The di'logue's the thing that will stand some enthusing;
It's mighty well written and always amusing,
And, since it's the "talk" in the story that tells,
Hat's off to the writer, the bright Billy Wells!

"THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU"
(A Paramount Production, Reviewed at the Rialto Theatre)

A very preposterous picture is this,
A most unbelievable story,
In which a bad Chink puts his foes on the blink,
And kills for the sake of the glory.

A mighty mysterious Chinese is he,
Who deals out his crime in big measure;
He's awfully sly, with a hypnotic eye,
Indulging in murderous pleasure.

From China to London the tale wends its way;
And though it contains animation,
Still no one can feel that the story is real;
'Tis all just a lot o' sensation.

Although Warner Oland is good in his part,
(He's acting the bad Oriental)
The others who play in the film, I must say,
Can't cause me to grow sentimental.

Perhaps there are fans who will think it's all great;
For *my* part, I think it is foolish.
If you don't agree with my views, then it's *me*
(Bad grammar) who seems to be mulish!

Consult Mystic Myra

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All—And, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

Disappointed: You have just read that your favorite, Nancy Carroll, is growing temperamental? Well, my dear, I can't say, as I don't know the young star personally. I am content to enjoy her youthful charm via the silver sheet. Anyway, I don't believe everything I read—unless I write it myself—and sometimes even then I have my doubts.

* * *

Anxious: Glenn Tryon has just completed "Barnum Was Right", an adaptation of the stage play of that name, and is now busy talking "Skinner Steps Out". If I were you, I wouldn't feel the least bit backward in telling Glenn just what you think of him. I'm sure he would enjoy hearing it from your own lips—or pen—more than having me relay it to him. Maybe he wouldn't believe me and I'm sure he'd never doubt you. Stars enjoy words of praise from their sometimes too silent admirers—even our Rosemary Lee's brown eyes brighten visibly when she reads the lovely letters each mail brings her from her pals.

Curious: Yes, Sidney Blackmer is the husband of Leonore Ulric. The marriage is a recent one and was kept secret for some time but marriage, as well as murder, will out. Yes, again, Sidney is going to remain in pictures, though I won't be surprised if once in a while he takes a little visit back to his first love, the stage. He is Dorothy Mackaill's leading man in "The Love Racket" and will support Billie Dove in "The Other Tomorrow".

* * *

Great Dane: Karl Dane was born in Denmark, and went on the stage there when he was a boy. He came to this country at the close of the War and after working at almost everything from call and curtain boy in the theatres to engineering, in which he possesses a college degree, was given a bit part in a war picture, "My Four Years in Germany". Since then, he has been actively identified with the films, scoring his greatest hits in "Rookies", "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "La Boheme" and others.

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON NINETY-THREE (Reviewed)

Are You Writing for a Star?

THREE correspondents this week write in to ask the same question and that question, boiled down from their three letters, is practically:

"How must I go to work to write a play for a particular star?"

To these writers, as well as to the many others who would like to know something about this phase of picture playwriting, it seems to me that the first answer is to say:

"Study the finished work of the star you have in mind."

When you have become familiar with her capabilities, her mannerisms, her size, weight and general appearance and have seen her in a great many plays, you will be able to judge what type of part she does best, what kind of rôle brings out her capabilities and her looks to the greatest advantage. All film stars have a certain amount of versatility, but, even then, they are not suited to playing all sorts of rôles.

And just here I want to say that it has been a theory of mine for some time that "fans" are more likely to like a film star for personality than for versatility. I know that is my own "fan" reaction to screen stars in contradistinction to my reaction to the work of stage players. Whereas I welcome versatility in the latter, I'm inclined to like a screen star for personality alone. That doesn't mean that I want to see her (all this applies equally to the male stars) in just the same type of part in every play but that I want to see her in a part that she, herself, might play in her own proper person and not in a rôle which calls for her to show her versatility by being another type of being entirely. This is a "fan" attitude toward stars of the screen that I think producers and directors and even the stars themselves fail to take into account.

If your star plays society débutantes well, write a society play for her. That doesn't mean that you should write just the type of play in which you have just seen your star but a play with a plot in which she might conceivedly have a part.

If she plays hoydenish parts best, write your play about that type of girl. It is conceivable, of course, that a society girl might be a hoyden, but I guess you get my meaning all right. I could illustrate this by mentioning a certain attractive little screen star who, to my mind, has often been miscast by having society parts thrust upon her when she makes a much better pert little "fiive-and-ten" clerk, but I won't.

"Naming no names, no offence can be took," as *Sairy Gamp* says.

If your star is more mature and plays best in serious, dramatic situations, then that is the type of play that you should try to write for her.

In any case, in writing for a particular star, you must make a thorough study of her work, and this can usually be done only by seeing her on the screen as often as opportunity presents.

I find a suggestion in the late Mr. J. P. Cogan's book, "Scenarios," which most "free-lance" writers would be only too glad to adopt, but which, I fear very much, is quite out of the reach of most of them. Mr. Cogan says:

"It is difficult for a free-lance writer to get acquainted with a star unless he can gain entrée to the studio and get an introduction to her. But it would pay the writer to do so, as he can then study the performer personally at close range, and, in conversation, learn from her the type of portrayal she likes best to delineate, how she would act out certain scenes to best advantage, and many other points that would add to the success of the play."

Oh, boy, how some ambitious writers would like this chance! But Mr. Cogan's book was written some years ago when access to the studios was much easier to obtain than it is now. He suggests, too, that writing a letter to the star, "asking for suggestions on certain telling parts, might bring a helpful answer," but I'm afraid that this is too hopeful a view to take. I think most of us will have to stick to a screen study of the star for whom we are writing.

It does seem to me, though, that you might send your finished play to the star for whom you have written it, with some hope of receiving attention. And, if you don't get action, then send it to the company for which she works, suggesting it as a vehicle for her talents.

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THE GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE

(*Continued from page 16*)

know this little girl as I know her. My distinguished colleague, the Prosecutor for the State, would have you believe that she is an adventuress, a cynical worldling, a depraved wretch who would sell her all for gold—and then ruthlessly murder her own sweetheart through sheer and unbridled viciousness. I swear to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, that if she were such a creature, I would not befriend her. This little woman, this mere child really did shoot Victor Smith—but she shot him only in protection of herself. I could have pleaded that this revolver never killed the deceased because the fatal bullet disappeared at the coroner's inquest. But, Gentlemen of the Jury and Your Honor, I will not take the time of the court with that—rather would I plead extenuating circumstances and beseech the clemency of the court. I appeal to Your Honor and to you, gentlemen of an upright intellgent and impartial jury, before heaven my client is not morally guilty."

The girl was scarcely conscious of his words, scarcely conscious, indeed, that she had anything to do with the whole proceeding, that her liberty, perhaps her life, was at stake. She knew only that Terry was sitting there in that crowded court room, white-faced, suffering, and she longed to send him a smile of reassurance—but she dared not involve him to even this extent. When the jury returned its verdict of murder in the second degree she showed no trace of fear, no emotion, only the desire that Terry should have no moment of regret—in spite of the sacrifice he had permitted her to make for his sake. Her voice, clear, bell-like, rang out in the crowded court room—but it was intended only for the stricken boy, sitting there so rigidly beside his mother:

"I hope my sentence is a long one. Freedom won't mean anything to me without the man I love."

But Terry could not stand that—that the girl he worshipped should brand herself as the sweetheart of Sheik Smith, whose affairs with the lowest women of the town were common gossip.

"That's not true!" he cried, springing to his feet. "She's saying that just to hurt me. She didn't care for him. Why, she detested him—and that night he was forcing his attentions on her—" He stopped short as his mother frantically grasped his hand. But he had said enough to make the Judge and the Prosecuting Attorney realize that evidence had been withheld—vital evidence, perhaps.

"How much do you know about this?" the former asked sternly.

"He doesn't know anything," Gladys cried. "He doesn't know what he's talking about."

Attorney Fellows turned to Terry with an impatient, restraining gesture.

"I should think you would be delighted to find a witness so helpful to your client," the District Attorney commented.

"Why, of course—certainly," the other returned in confusion. "I was just going to call this witness."

THAT the Prosecutor was going to show this wealthy young college student no mercy was plainly evident the moment Terry took the stand.

"How do you know that this man Smith was forcing his attentions on the defendant?" he asked sternly.

"Because I was there," Terry returned unhesitatingly. "I was told that Smith was there and I found Gladys trying to get rid of him and I ordered him to leave."

"Remember he was wearing this coat?" the Attorney questioned, holding up the garment.

"My rain coat!" the boy exclaimed in surprise. "Why, yes, I do remember."

"I dare say that, when you found this man Smith in Gladys Cosgrove's room, annoying her, you felt like shooting him," the Prosecutor commented sarcastically.

"If I had had a gun, I would have," the boy returned frankly.

"Oh, you would have, eh?" The man's voice was biting. "And then I suppose you would have come right into court and confessed, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, I would have. Why I—"

But the Attorney interrupted:

"Of course, you would have! Why, you've been sitting here like a scared mouse all through this trial. What made you speak now? Not justice but pride, cheap pride. Why, you couldn't bear the thought of sharing this girl with another man and your Pomfret pride made you jump to your feet to tell the world you had no rival."

"I thought by keeping away—" Terry began. "Well, I was told I would help her more by laying low. She did it—but she was justified."

A little cry was forced from Gladys's white lips as she rushed to the stand and confronted Terry.

"I did it? I did it?" she repeated. "Why, you know I didn't! Oh, I tried to take the blame, Terry, and I'm sorry for what I said about Smith—you know what I mean, about Smith and myself—but you know it isn't true and it made you give yourself away. Oh, it's all been for nothing!"

"You say you didn't kill Smith—in spite of your confession?" the boy asked in amazement.

Before the girl could answer, the Prosecutor gently pushed her aside and confronted the boy on the witness stand.

"No, she didn't kill Smith—and you know it," he flashed, "because you killed him yourself!"

"I—" Terry began.

"It's just like a play," the Attorney went on, "the innocent heroine sacrifices herself for the man she loves. But the truth comes out, huh? To think of your stupidity! But your pride and conceit have finished you, young man. Murder will out, my boy, and, sooner or later, we'll find out where you hid the gun that fired the bullet."

"I'm not afraid," Terry repiled, "but I don't understand all this—it's so mixed up. But I'm glad she didn't do it, and I'm willing to stand trial."

"More false pride!" the Prosecutor commented. "Now that you're in for it, you're going to make a grand heroic gesture. Your Honor, the people at this time ask that Terry Pomfret be held for the grand jury on a charge of complicity in the murder of Victor Smith."

"Terry, Terry!" Gladys cried frantically as the boy was led from the court room.

DURING this exciting new turn in the proceedings, Carlos, crouched in a seat next to Doc Striker, had been nervously fingering something he had taken from his pocket. Just as the door closed upon Terry, it fell to the floor and was picked up by one of the court attendants whose eyes opened wide in surprise when he saw

that it was a bullet. Without comment, he placed it in the hand of the Prosecutor.

"Why, that looks like the bullet that disappeared at the coroner's inquest!" the latter exclaimed.

At that moment Gladys approached the Judge's bench.

"Please, I can straighten evenything out, Your Honor," she told him. "I can prove Terry's innocence—and I can do it only if I question the witnesses myself."

"This is most unusual—but go ahead," His Honor consented.

First the girl called Carlos to the stand. The half-witted boy answered her questions truthfully, unhesitatingly—he was too simple to dissemble, indeed, to realize the significance of the testimony he was giving. The bullet, he said, he had found in the coroner's office, Doc Striker had knocked it out of his hand in the court room and had threatened to kill him if he didn't get it back.

"Carlos, I'll be your friend and I'll give it back to you if you'll tell me why you want it so badly," Gladys assured him.

"I don't want it—he wants it," he returned, nodding his head in the direction of Doc Striker.

"Does he want it because he shot Sheik Smith?" she asked gently.

"I don't know," he told her.

"Now, tell me, Carlos, did he shoot Sheik Smith?"

"I don't know," he answered, puzzled. "But I do know something—Mr. Terry Pomfret didn't do it. I was there all the time, waiting for the big joke to come off—the joke on Doc Striker—I was waiting to see Sheikie Smith make love to you, then I was going to tell Doc and laugh when he got mad." The boy grinned idiotically at the idea.

"What made you think Sheik Smith was going to make love to me?" Gladys asked.

"Because Doc Striker bet that he couldn't—and Doc always loses and because Sheik Smith had Mr. Terry's rain coat on, so you would think he was your sweetheart and let him in—and he was just the Sheik."

"Carlos, did you see Mr. Smith enter the house?" the girl continued.

"You bet I did, "Carlos grinned," and I saw Mr. Terry go in, too, and, when he found Sheikie Smith in your room, he told him to get out and he said if he didn't he'd kill him. He didn't shoot Sheikie Smith because I saw him get in his car and drive away."

"If Terry didn't shoot Smith, who did, Carlos?" the girl asked slowly.

"I don't know, I don't know," the boy repeated nervously. "It was awfully dark and there was somebody in the back of the hallway. I heard a shot and I saw somebody run out, then I ran and I called the cops."

The girl's face wore a happy smile. She had cleared Terry beyond a doubt—now to find the real murderer.

"Carlos, who made you steal the bullet from the coroner's office?" she asked.

The boy nodded at Doc Striker and Gladys called him to the stand.

"Why did you make Carlos steal the bullet that killed Sheik?" she questioned.

The man grinned, treating the whole affair with his customary levity.

"Oh, just a funny way of mine," he returned, "just one of my queer jokes—and, again, maybe I wanted it as a souvenir."

"You know, Doc Striker," the girl warned, "if you don't tell me why you got this bullet, the Judge and the jury may believe that you stole it to cover your own tracks, that you are guilty of the murder. You shot Sheik Smith," she added quickly. "Now tell me—why did you do it?"

"Oh, don't get excited," he grinned. "I'll tell you the truth. I got the bullet for a friend."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, he thought he'd better have it out of circulation."

"Who is this friend of yours?" she questioned.

"Oh, you can't touch him," he told her. "He's a big guy in this town, that is, he's close to the big guys."

"Was he near my house on the night of the murder?" she queried.

"I'd like to bet he was—though I don't always win my bets," he laughed.

"What makes you say he was there?"

"Well, you see I had a little joke with him, too. I told this friend that Pomfret was hanging round pretty close to you and—well, you see I really thought he'd like to know."

Gladys paled at the thought that flashed through her mind, but she managed to keep her voice steady.

"And didn't you think when you told your friend this thing that he might be extremely excited about it?"

"Yes, I thought he might be."

"That he might be sufficiently excited to shoot?" she continued. "Oh, Judge, Jury and everybody"—she raised her hands in an appealing gesture—"can't you see the man who shot Sheik Smith thought he was shooting Terry Pomfret? Oh, it's as clear as daylight. Huh, and for your little laugh, your cheap joke, you'd stop short at nothing—not even making a man commit murder!" The contempt in her voice seemed to penetrate even Doc Striker's mind.

"Say, the law can't do anything to me for thinking a man might shoot," he retorted, "any more than for laughing. Suppose I did think he might shoot—what then—what difference?"

There was a stir at the other side of the court room and a voice was raised hysterically, quaveringly:

"This much difference, you Devil"—old man Cosgrove staggered to his feet—"you steamed that boy up to go to the house that night by making him jealous of Sheikie Smith—and you steamed me up to follow him there and shoot him and, on account of the rain coat and the darkness and the liquor, it was Sheik Smith I shot and he was my best friend—my only friend, but you played a rotten joke on me to do it. It was you—you."

"You sap, why don't you keep quiet?" Striker tried to calm the old man. "Why—why, you see, I was just trying to have a laugh at the gang in here. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Laugh, eh? Laugh?" the old man repeated, his eyes gleaming with a mad light." Well, see if you can laugh this one off."

Before any one in the court room realized his intention, he aimed the gun he had clasped tightly in the pocket of his coat and the grin froze on Doc Striker's lips as he crumpled over in a heap on the witness stand.

(Continued on page 31)

THE HELPING HEARTS CLUB

(*Continued from page 2*)

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have discovered M.P.S. and have already written to four of the members of your Helping Hearts Club. Now I am writing to you and asking you to please publish my letter so that I may receive replies from many pals.

I am nineteen years old, 5 ft. 7 in. tall, have medium brown hair and a fair complexion. I am fond of many things, so will not use your valuable space to go into details, but will tell my pals-to-be when they write. Although I am only nineteen, I have seen much of the unhappy side of life and have had my share of sorrow. But even that brings a reward for there is nothing so fine as sorrow as a character builder. It makes one kind, sympathetic and tolerant and it gives one, above all, an understanding heart—a very rare gift, indeed. And, then, too, how much more thankful it makes us for the happiness and joy which are bound to come in the end and how much more we enjoy such happiness then! Every cloud has a silver lining. So, Pals, help me to find it.

Letters from young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six will be very welcome, for they will help me forget him whom I have loved but lost. I promise that my letters will be happy—for I can be happy, too. Lovers of romance and believers in true love, I appeal to you!

Just Peggy.

My dear, nineteen should not have so much tragedy crowded into its young life. But time—and pen pals—will work wonders.

* * *

My dear Mrs. Lee:

Will you please forward the enclosed letters. Is it all right if I write every week to the different writers? I find some of them are so interesting and I'm having such a good time!

M. B.

Indeed, yes, M. B., it is perfectly all right for you to write to as many pals as you please. I am so glad you are enjoying the club.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I be a member of your pleasant pen pal club? I love to write. I'd like to hear from Bob of Boston, Walt of Salisbury, Md., and Copper Wire of Nova Scotia, if they agree. Will my request be fulfilled?

I'm sweet sixteen, 5 ft. 4, eyes of brown, love athletics and poetry. Queer combination, isn't it?

Please come on, pen pals, and send a couple of lines (or shall I say pages?) to

Elsie of Illinois.

I hope the pals you mention will write to you, Elsie. If they don't, why not drop them a line?

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

For just about a year now, I have been reading your magazine and have finally gained enough courage to write to you and so I guess I had better describe myself. First of all, I hail from old Kentucky, the land of sunshine. I am just five feet tall and chubbily built but not fat. I have black eyes and light brown hair. You must please excuse this short letter this time as I am just recovering from a sick spell and that, too, is the reason for this letter's being smudged with ink as my hand shakes when I try to write. So here's hoping I get loads of letters from all over. I am eighteen and work in a broker's office as a stenographer. So please tell everyone to write to me.

Lonesome Kentucky Ginnie.

Remember, pals, little Ginnie is on the sick list and we always take care of sick folks first, don't we? Of course, we do!

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

As luck would have it, I went to a news stand aiming to get a love story magazine. Instead, I picked up M. P. S. and now I have one wish which I would like granted, that is to join your Club of Helping Hearts. I am sixteen years of age and have reddish-brown hair and big brown eyes. I am a lover of all outdoor sports, especially tennis, and I like the movies. I would love to hear from Just Duckie of Baltimore and lots of others.

Hoping you will make me a member, I am yours,

Marceline of West Virginia.

I know you'll hear from our pals—many of them Marceline—if you will send me your name and address.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I think it's a splendid idea, this wonderful club of yours. Is it possible for me, a girl living in Yorkshire, England, to join? I should be very pleased to. I am a regular reader of the M. P. S. but have only just found the courage to write. I get very lonely at times, depressed, which is worse, though I am termed the *It* girl. I live on a farm away from home. I am eighteen years old, have blue eyes and fair unbobbed hair, which I wear earphone fashion, a good complexion, free from cosmetics, and weigh 132 lbs. Can do anything in a house and dance fairly well. So, if anyone would care to write, please do. I should like to hear from Just Duckie of Baltimore, Md., Lad of Minnesota and Just a Friend to All.

Vera of Yorkshire, England.

We are certainly glad to hear from our English cousins, Vera. I know you are going to have all the pen pals you can take care of, as so many of our members are anxious to hear about your country.

* * *

My dear Mrs. Lee:

I, too, would like to join your Helping Hearts Club. Can you find room for another lonely heart?

I am around seventeen years of age, have dark hair, a little wavy, am five feet tall, weigh about 108 pounds, have a fair complexion and true blue Irish eyes—well, I'm a typical Irish lassie.

I love all sports, tennis, especially, and dancing—it's divine. I love to talk of the higher arts of life—music, literature, art, history, etc. Will somebody write me? I promise to answer as I love correspondence, from far and near and from both sexes.

Wishing all success and happiness to the "pen pals," and most of all to you, Rosemary Lee.

Irish Eyes.

Here's a breath of Killarney, pals—and, of course, we love it.

My dear Mrs. Lee:

I have always been a very constant reader of your magazine, but the very first pages that I turn to, well, you might know—Helping Hearts Club!

I am very much interested in it and, as I am lonesome myself, I have decided to join. May I?

I am not going to write much about myself here. I'll leave that for after a while, but I will say that I am 20 years old, have very light blonde hair, and dark blue eyes and I am five feet three. I might also add that my friends teasingly call me "Pleasingly Plump." Now, that's all I'm going to say.

I would love to have some real true pen pals and friends and I will promise to exchange snapshots and answer all letters that come my way.

Hoping to hear from a lot of lonesome boys and girls, for instance, Lad of Minnesota, Indiana, Rachel of Gardner, Robert of Wilkes Barre, Pa., and lots of others.

So thanking you, Mrs. Lee, in advance.

Cameo of St. Louis.

I just love your handwriting, Cameo. It is so ladylike—in the finest sense of the word.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Hello, everybody! Won't you please move over and let a girl from the Hoosier State have a seat in your Club for lonesome folks? Thanks, that's better. I suppose a description of one's self is the accepted way of introduction, so here 'tis: Medium reddish-brown hair (curly at present. I have a permanent), large blue-gray eyes (rather dark), have a figure that all of the heavy-weights pray for or, I should say, most of the heavyweights, shouldn't I? I'm nineteen years of age, will be twenty in two more months and just love to make "whoopee" in a nice, clean way. I don't smoke or drink. I can be just as serious as any one if the occasion demands, although I prefer to laugh, smile and grin off all sorrows. I think that's the best way to be, don't you, folks?

Please won't somebody, somewhere, hear my plea, and write to

Boots from Indiana.

A cute letter, Boots. I cut out one line. You know why, don't you? And, of course, you didn't really mean it.

* * *

Rosemary Lee:

It's a grand feeling to know one is not alone in this great world with one's woes.

Yes, I am from the wicked city, so they say, but in various parts and corners there are some who are not wicked and cruel.

One would say that no one could be lonesome or without friends in a city, but, oh, there are oodles of them.

It just seemed to me after reading the ever so many letters that perhaps I may find some one in the same boat as I am. I can't say I am sour on the world, only at times one gets so fed up with the same routine of life. I have friends but it seems like a family affair to be with them.

I wonder if there are men who have attained the age of between thirty or forty who would enjoy writing, also girls—or should I say women?

I read, like sports of every description, dance and enjoy a good time any old time.

Do you think, Rosemary, there would be any one who would care to write?

I say ages between thirty and forty, for they are more settled in life and I have attained the thirty mark. They say I don't look it but, oh, dare one believe all one hears?

Auburn of Chicago.

Of course, Auburn, no one thinks for one instant that all the people of Chicago are wicked and cruel or, in fact, that there are more of this type of people in your city than in any other city in the world. It just happens that the naughty deeds of your town have been of the kind that have "made" the first pages of the newspapers. They are like the divorces and scandals among the people of the stage and screen—there are not any more of them but you hear more about them. We have many pals from your city and, when the day comes that we can form branch clubs in different sections of the country, I have a little feeling that Chicago is going to take the lead. Big cities have more lonely people than you can find in all the Main Streets of the country put together. Perhaps this is due to the hustle and bustle that seem to be the keynote of the big centres of industry and that leave little time for looking out for strangers in their midst—or, as a matter of fact, for knowing that the stranger is there. It is not heartlessness or unwillingness to extend a friendly hand—it is just the lack of knowledge that the friendly hand is needed.

I think you may well believe your friends when they say you do not look thirty. No bachelor girl does in this day. Why not stop having birthdays? That is what I am going to do—after the next one. We have plenty of fine men pals between the ages of thirty and forty and I know you are going to enjoy getting acquainted with them through the mail.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I join your wonderful club? I have been interested in it for some time but just "got up" courage to write.

If it isn't asking too much, I would like some pen pals between eighteen and twenty, of either sex. Although I am not considered much of a letter-writer, I'll promise to do my best if only some one will hear and answer my call.

I am eighteen years old, about 5 feet, 2 inches tall, and weigh only 98 lbs. I've just graduated from High School and hope to attend Business College in September. I am fond of all sports, although I take no active part in any. My favorite pastimes are reading and dancing. I also drive a car.

Hoping this letter is all that it should be and wishing you the best of luck, I am,

Betty of Rhode Island.

There is one thing you have to do for me, Betty, and that is raise that ninety-eight pounds. I am afraid you dance too much. Isn't that it? It's fine that you can drive a car. I am afraid that is an accomplishment I could never attain. Of course, our pals are going to write to you and you are going to form many splendid friendships through our club.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee.

I just read your July 9th Helping Hearts Club and am interested in it. I would like to be a member. Do you suppose that in your lovely club there is a girl interested in a soldier boy with wavy black hair, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, brown eyes, medium complexion, age twenty-one, consid-

ered good-looking and a neat dresser? I would like to hear from some of the girls in your club and will answer all correspondence. I was particularly interested in the letter of Rachel of Gardner and also Betty of Jersey.

Soldier Boy of New Jersey.

I am sure, Soldier Boy, that there are many of our pals, both boys and girls, who will take pleasure in cheering your lonely hours. Our pals seem particularly interested in the boys of the army and navy—and that is as it should be.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I would like to join your Helping Hearts Club. I am going to be sweet sixteen. I have curly auburn hair. At present I am letting it grow long. I have a light complexion, rather fair, so my friends say. I have hazel eyes, with dark heavy eye-lashes, and sparkling pupils. I weigh one hundred one pounds., My height is five feet five inches.

I will faithfully promise to answer all letters sent to me. I hope both boys and girls will write to me. I want some true pen friends.

Dolly of Lovers' Lane.

You are going to be sweet sixteen! Well, that's a great way of putting it! Wait until you're twenty-six and then I expect to hear you say, "I was twenty-five." And let us hope that, when you reach that age, you will still have the same pen pals you are going to make now.

* * *

Dear Rosemary:

I hope you don't think me very forward for calling you by your first name. But, you see, I have read your magazine and Helping Hearts Club column so often already I really think I'm a friend of yours.

The reason I haven't written before is that I am rather shy and had to pluck up my courage first.

I am sixteen years old, about 5 ft. 2 inches tall, weigh 116 lbs., and have dark brown hair, naturally curly, and brown eyes.

I would like to have some girls or boys from the West write to me, especially from California. I have always wanted to visit that state.

Here's hoping the mailman gets round-shouldered carrying mail to my door.

Catherine of Milwaukee.

P. S.—Do you write some of these stories in the M. P. S. Magazine? I noticed your name signed to several.

You certainly are a friend of mine, Catherine, and I just love you to feel the way you do about it. Yes, I write some of the stories. I hope you like them, for, as I write, I often wonder how my pen pals will enjoy them.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

It's raining pitchforks and barn-shovels. The clouds have congregated for a crying session, and the wind—with a roughneck's disdain for the softer emotions—is growling about it at every window pane.

I was lounging by a window, watching the rain-polished autos "whisking" through the wet and glistening veneer of the pavement, dripping theatre-goers frantically hailing taxis which were already filled, shoppers ploughing home with faces buried in upturned collars, when the door opened to admit my across-the-hall neighbor. He stared at the remnants of my bachelor dinner and said:

"Why the heck don't you wash your dishes?"

"That," I replied, "is a pertinent question. But you know, old man, the more I think of it, the less I think of it. It would be woefully inefficient. I use these dishes only about twice a year—and they always need washing when I dig 'em out. Now why perform a disagreeable task twice? Much better let 'em wait till they're needed again and then do the job in one operation."

"That's true," he murmured thoughtfully. "But throw 'em off the table, anyway. We'll get up a bridge game."

"The deuce with bridge! Played last night. Did you ever play bridge with a fat woman who had babies upstairs? Every time some cow-boy driver's brakes squeak, she bounces up to see if the kids are all right. Then she comes back and raises her partner's two-no-trump on a four-card suit in clubs. Women with babies shouldn't play bridge—especially fat women with babies. Every time they get up, all the glasses tip ov—"

"Never mind! Never mind! We won't play bridge. How about a show at the Met?"

"No-o-o. It's all wet."

"It isn't all wet; it's a good show!"

"I mean the weather."

"Oh! Then let's go up to Christine's and dance."

"The deuce with it! We'd have to walk two blocks to get the car out of the garage. And we'd have to dress. Dressing's a nuisance on a night like this; the rain takes all the crease out of your trousers."

"Well, what *do* you want to do? What's the matter with you tonight, anyhow?"

"Tom, my friend, I want to sit here—just sit here. And I want to gaze out of this window at the poor chaps who don't know enough to go in when it rains. And I want to meditate upon the heartlessness of a great city which neglects to provide its traffic policemen with umbrellas. And, when I've settled the problems of the Universe to my satisfaction, I want to annoy the neighors with a couple hours' labor at the piano. That is what I want to do. As to the matter with me, I'm lonesome as a bedbug at a pipe-organ, and I'm three degrees too lazy to adjust the situation."

"Oh, for the luva Mike, go sleep it off!" And the door slammed behind him.

He was soon back again, however, with a magazine.

"This isn't *The Dial*," he growled, "*The Bookman*, *World's Work*, or *The Outlook*—so don't look bored. It isn't *Life*, *College Humor*, or *The New Yorker*—so wipe that idiotic smile off your face. It's *Moving Picture Stories*, and it contains good medicine for a boob like you." He opened the magazine to Rosemary Lee's page and said, "Cheer yourself with this! And, when you've read it all, turn back and read 'Wonder of Women'. It's a darn good story, and it will tell you what I found out long ago—that all musicians are fools. And, when you've finished the whole magazine, sit down and compose a love song—in jazz!"

"A love song—and in jazz! Oh, yeah! 'I'd like to see your lipstick on my lips; I'd like to feel my whiskers on your face,' and all that sort of rot, huh? A love song—in jazz! Sure thing! And your trio can introduce it. But, if you mention my name in connection, so help me Hannah, I'll——!"

But he was gone.

Thus came about my introduction to the Helping Hearts Club. I wonder—may I become a member?

Just Somebody.

Well, Just Somebody, I take it that you are a song writer and I know that you are a writer. It is now the witching hour of midnight. When I took up your letter to send it to the printer, I must confess I was three-quarters asleep. Now I am alert and ready for a full night's work. What a tonic it was! If you haven't already done so, you must see "Wonder of Women". To me it is still a living breathing thing, not just a series of shadows on the screen.

I had a good laugh over your ideas on dish washing. It reminds me of one of the writers for our magazine. I had succeeded in obtaining the services of that exclusive creature, a window washer. This particular writer happened to call on me when the sacred rite was being performed. She gazed at my shiny panes with admiration—not unmixed with envy.

"Do you suppose I could persuade him to wash my windows for me?" she whispered.

"Well, he lives quite a distance from your house," I returned, "and maybe he couldn't be persuaded to make the trip unless you sent a car for him. Who has been washing your windows up to date?"

"Why, nobody," she replied in great surprise. "You know I have been living in this house only nineteen months."

This same writer logically figures out that, if you dust every day, you can't see the result, but, if you let it accumulate for several weeks, then you really know that you've accomplished something. She remarked the other night that, if an English writer should come over here to get a story on the homes of American bachelor girls and took hers and mine as samples, what an article he could write. So you see, Just Somebody, it isn't only the man bachelor who believes in economizing on household labor.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I am an ardent reader of your H. H. C. and would feel highly honored to join. I get lonesome sometimes for letters. I have many friends, but would certainly love to have pen pals from all over the world. I have blonde hair and blue eyes and am rather tall. I will answer any letters sent to me. I hope I will be considered a member of your club.

Marion from Philly.

And we feel honored to have you, Marion.

* * *

Dear Miss Lee:

Have just read your magazine for the first but not last time. I would so much like to become acquainted with some one through your club. I am English, twenty-nine years of age. I have been here ten years. I am a private waitress in a doctor's home and very often spend my time off alone either at the movie or stay in my room, sewing and reading, but those occupations become quite monotonous occasionally.

I am 5 ft. tall, brunette, did office work in England but did not care for it here because of the high cost of living and the subway rushes. I would be very happy and grateful to you if you could find me some friends.

Wishing you lots more success and happiness,

Betty of England.

We just can't let you be lonely when you are so far away from home, Betty. Just think—our club is becoming quite popular in your own country! It gives me a big thrill each time the mailman leaves me a letter with the English postmark smiling up at me.

* * *

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I have been reading your magazine for the past month. It sure is cute.

I would love to hear from some of your large family.

I am an orphan and board and have plenty of time to write letters, while I am in my room after my meals.

I would like to hear from boys and girls from 21 to 27.

I am fond of all sports. I like dancing best.

I will give my description to the ones that answer. They won't be sorry, I'll bet.

Please write one and all. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Who'll be first?

Mickey of St. Looie.

P. S.—I am a girl.

Mickey has a delicious breath-of-old-Ireland name, pals, the kind *Peg O' My Heart* would have had if she hadn't had *Peg*.

THE GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE

(Continued from page 27)

Then another bullet, self-inflicted, pierced the old man's heart and quieted his hysterical raving.

IN the Judge's private chamber, a white-faced, shaken girl sat between an adoring-eyed boy and a woman whose proud head was bowed humbly before the greatness of a love she never dreamed could exist.

"I didn't realize the sacrifice you were making," she said gently, her hand clasping the girl's. "Can you forgive me?"

"I could not love Terry as I do and harbor unkind thoughts against his mother," Gladys smiled wistfully.

The boy clasped her in his arms.

"Then we can go to Valencia, our lake country?" he whispered.

She snuggled closer to him with a weary little sigh.

"If we leave right now, when will we get there?" she asked, and the Judge and the woman who had just learned the lesson of life stole from the room, leaving them alone with their happiness.

LIVES OF THE GREAT

(Continued from page 10)

Haines represented a new screen type, a personification of youthful insouciance and wit. One critic called him "a wise-cracker with romantic appeal". He proved himself adept in a variety of characterizations but his forte seemed to be in light comedy rôles with an athletic background. **"Brown of Harvard," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Spring Fever",, "West Point," "The Smart Ste," and "Excess Baggage"** were all of this type. In "Spring Fever", "West Point" and "The Duke Steps Out" he was paired with Joan Crawford. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" was his first dialogue part.

He has never lost his Southern accent. Unmarried, his most frequent companion at openings and social functions is his mother, who went to the Coast from Virginia to keep house for him. Haines is six feet tall, with dark hair and yes. His hobbies are books and music and his favorite author, Joseph Conrad.

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